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TEARS.

BY C. B.

Confound not grief with tears.
Tears are the stars ordained of God to light
The gloomy night of Grief with lustre bright;
Tears are the river on whose glitt'ring tide,
Reflecting heaven's glory, softly glide
Sorrows and fears
Down to Oblivion's silent ocean wide.

Oh, ever-welcome tears!
Such is the beauty of those stars of heaven,
Night's terror dies when their kind light is given.
A tear is father of celestial joys;
And hopes of heaven come often clad in sighs.
Nor length of years
Nor all eternity such hopes destroys.

"MINE OR THINE?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FAIRY GODMOTHER," "UNDER SUSPICION," "A ROSE AMONG WOMEN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI—(CONTINUED.)

MADEMOISELLE D'ESTERRE contrived to be out on the following afternoon during the hour at which she supposed Major Heathcote's visit would be made; it was holiday-time with her now, and her days were mostly at her own disposal. It was half-past five when she returned from her walk, rather warm and weary, and turned into the sitting-room, hoping to find it clear of all intruders. It was not however, for somebody rose from the arm-chair by Madame Dupuy's couch, and advanced a step to meet her. She was glad that her hands were filled with the honeysuckle she had gathered during her walk, and so she could not be expected to give him anything but a cool bow.

What did the man mean, thrusting himself upon them in this way? He had certainly a peculiar knack of ruffling Mademoiselle D'Esterre's temper, which was as a rule so well under her control. Perhaps it was the strange position in which they stood to each other which made her so ready to cavil at and resent his every act and word. She walked down the room to the window overlooking the garden, where Heathcote had seen her sitting the previous day, and began to arrange her flowers in a jar upon the table. He sat in silence for a minute, watching her as she stood there, in her close-fitting black gown, bent over the table, the long delicate fingers busy with the flowers, and wondered at the persistent coldness of her manner.

Madame Dupuy laid down a photograph she had been looking at, and spoke eagerly.

"Valentine, have you seen what Major Heathcote has been so kind as to bring me? Such a delicious basket of fruit—look! I have never seen finer strawberries; and, as for those peaches, it seems a pity some still-life painter cannot have a sight of them! Wasn't it good of him?"

"Very good," echoed Mademoiselle D'Esterre, with cold calm courtesy; but she did not leave her jar of honeysuckle to inspect the fruit. Surely this was not a necessary part of the reticence becoming a demoiselle!

"If any praise be due, it must be to the Wraynham people or their gardener," observed Heathcote carelessly. "It never occurred to me before, though—perhaps you have strawberries of your own in that pretty garden?"

He rose and walked towards the window; whereupon Mademoiselle D'Esterre abandoned her honeysuckle, swept some stray leaves and stalks into her hand, and moved quickly from the table.

"No, indeed," cried Madame Dupuy, smiling—"only currants and raspberries. Valentine, those strawberries must be taken out of the basket. Tell Martha to bring some plates."

"Yes, auntie."

The young lady left the room at once; and Heathcote, after lingering a little, decided that she did not mean to return, so he bade Madame Dupuy good evening.

"I've been seeing your young lady, Raymond," he said later on that evening, between the puffs of a cigar, the Doctor having dropped in to look after his two invalids.

"Have you?" returned Raymond eagerly. "Well, isn't she a charming girl?"

"To look at, certainly. Anything more disagreeable than her manner, though I've rarely encountered. Deliberately disagreeable too, I think."

"Disagreeable? Well"—drawing a long breath—"if there is one thing about her more charming than another, I think it is that manner of hers—frank and yet so modest, stately and still so sweet."

"My dear fellow, that's all very well for you," interrupted Heathcote, in rather an injured tone. "She's particularly nice to you, I suppose; or perhaps you admire that stiff offishness; I don't. That little aunt of hers is worth a dozen of her, in my opinion. I beg your pardon, Raymond; of course you think her charming, and so, I suppose, she is to you. But she behaves to me as if—as if I were an enemy, by Jove, and she wanted to take revenge on me!"

"I can't imagine her behaving so," began Raymond slowly. "Are you sure you're not——"

"Exaggerating? Well, perhaps; but, any way, it's clear she doesn't like me, and won't pretend to. Not that it matters"—laughing—"only it rather spoils the effect of her very charming face! 'If she be not fair to me,' et-cetera, you know. All the better for you though, since she treats you so differently; and I'm not going to be such a fool as to heed her rather plain intimation that my presence is not agreeable. That poor little woman likes to see me, I know, and I'm not going to desert her now she's up. She was awfully kind to me."

CHAPTER VII.

Major Heathcote was as good as his word. Regularly every afternoon, so long as Madame Dupuy had to keep to her sofa, he appeared in the sitting-room, always bringing something with him—a book, a bundle of illustrated papers, or another consignment of the fruit which she loved. It was his duty, he considered, to pay her what attention he could; and he was not fool enough or coward enough to let Mademoiselle D'Esterre's beautiful disdainful eyes frighten him. Valentine had contrived to be absent on several evenings; but the weather had been wet, and Madame Dupuy had been annoyed by her avoidance of the visitor, and it so happened that she had sat through his other visits with such patience as she could muster.

Heathcote told himself that the evenings passed more pleasantly when she was absent; nevertheless, there was a certain piquancy in the situation which he could appreciate; and no stiffness, no silence, could destroy the grace of the slender figure, sitting aloof in the window-recess, set so picturesquely against its background of green, or mar the sweet severity of the fine-cut oval face. He was not allowed to do anything yet, and he could not read all day; the pretty homely room was a pleasant change from his solitary grandeur above, so he continued his visits to Madame Dupuy even after she had begun to get about again. During one of those visits he happened to mention a fancy which had haunted him in his delirium that some one was playing exquisite music, and that he was held down and could not get to hear it.

"I recollect perfectly," he said, with a laugh, "what a cruel disappointment it was!"

"You are fond of music?" asked Madame Dupuy.

"Very. Do you play?"

"I play by proxy. Valentine, my child, you will give us some music, will you not?"

There was a touch of anxiety in the old lady's pretty voice. Mademoiselle D'Esterre hesitated a moment, then she yielded.

"If you like, auntie," she said, with a little smile—the first real smile Heathcote had seen upon her face; and she went over to the piano, and began to play.

"Ah, this will be a treat!" he said, as she struck the first chords of the quaint "Spinnlied" from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman;" and he stretched himself out in his chair, and closed his eyes with a sigh of satisfaction, preparing himself to listen.

Madame Dupuy made one or two little speeches, to which he responded somewhat at random. He was scarcely aware of her movement, when presently she rose, and slipped out of the room, intent upon some household care. The music went on. For a whole month past, ever since Major Heathcote came to the house, Valentine had hardly touched the beloved keys; now she felt as though she could go on playing for ever. That would scarcely do however, so, with an exquisite "Caprice" of Chopin's, she ended, and the spell was broken for the rapt listener in the chair. He rose as Valentine turned from the piano and discovered with dismay that her aunt was no longer in the room. She moved towards her old seat in the window, and Heathcote followed her.

"I cannot refrain from thanking you for your delightful music, mademoiselle," he said in a low voice, "though I know you did not play it for me."

"If one loves music, I'm afraid one is selfish enough to play less for one's audience than for oneself," she replied, after a pause—he thought he saw a flush upon her half-averted cheek. "But I played, as it happened, simply because auntie asked me."

"Yes," he said, with a bitterness that surprised himself—"for anything or any person rather than for me! I wish you would tell me why you send me to Coventry like this, mademoiselle?"

"I?" The flush was a patent reality now. "I think you must be somewhat imaginative, Major Heathcote. Why should I send you to Coventry, as you call it?"

"Heaven knows—I don't!" he retorted. "But, if I believed in metempsychosis, I should certainly say, mademoiselle, that in some previous state of existence you had had a desperate grudge against me, and nursed the memory of it still."

He fancied the girl started a little, but she did not speak for a few moments.

"I am sorry to have given you that impression," she said presently; "I did not mean to do so."

She paused, and at that moment Madame Dupuy returned, to her niece's infinite relief. The old lady was eloquent concerning some piece of local gossip just derived from Martha, and so absorbed in her theme that she did not notice the flush on Valentine's cheeks or Heathcote's silence. Her unconsciousness gave them both the moment of quiet which they needed to recover themselves; and Heathcote began his ordinary talk with the elder lady, only stealing a glance now and then at the girl by the window—she looked different from her ordinary self, somehow, he thought, with that flush still upon her cheeks and the dusky cloud of ruffled hair about her forehead.

His glances seemed to disconcert her, however; she rose restlessly and went over to the piano, where she stood, arranging a pile of loose music which lay beside it. But when Heathcote passed her on his way out, with his usual grave "Good evening, mademoiselle," she turned, and offered him her hand. It was the first time he had held it, and the soft touch seemed to linger with him even when he had reached his own silent room above.

"I'm glad to see you treat Major Heathcote more civilly, dear," began Madame Dupuy presently. "Oh"—interrupting herself—"you are writing—to whom?"

"I've called a truce!" answered Valentine, smiling. "I am writing to Mr. Bland; I think I know of a plan by which one might learn something about that will. And, if we do, auntie, and I get my rights again, I promise you to make peace—real peace with Philip Heathcote. Now am I not good?"

Some days after this, on a clear sunny afternoon, Valentine, sitting in her green garden bower, a book lying open and unread upon her lap, saw Heathcote come out of the house, and walk up the pathway towards her. Madame Dupuy had made him free of the garden before now—indeed, the man was becoming a perfect tame cat about the place, Valentine said to herself, with a sudden sense of irritation. It would not do to be uncivil to him however—his blunt accusation had demonstrated that—so there was nothing in the expression of the young lady's eyes when she looked up and saw Heathcote standing in the opening of the arbor to prevent his entering, or even accepting a share of the rustic seat.

Although he had presumably come into the garden for company—with a view of finding some one to talk to—he seemed to have very little to say. After a few mechanical remarks upon the beauty of the day, he relapsed into silence, and sat pulling his long moustache and staring with vacant eyes through the green embowered doorway. Valentine did not look at him, but she formed a very correct idea of his appearance just then; she had every feature, every detail before her—the thick light-brown hair, the square forehead, the heavy brows shading the keen blue eyes, the mouth somewhat large, but containing a perfect set of teeth, the straight rather blunt nose, and the strong square lines of jaw and chin—Valentine knew them all, and did not need to look at them. She took up her book instead, and began to be very much engrossed in it. Suddenly her neighbor heaved a deep sigh.

"I should like to talk to you a little, mademoiselle," he said, looking towards her. "May I?"

"Certainly." Valentine laid down her book, and her heart began to beat very much faster than usual.

"It's about an advertisement I saw in a newspaper this morning," Heathcote went on—"a very curious advertisement—or at least it seems to me. It offers ten pounds reward for the name and address of the solicitor who drew up the last will of the late Gilbert Heathcote; and, as Gilbert Heathcote was my uncle, and I inherit under the will, which was proved several

months ago—why, I think the thing looks rather odd."

"You are sure it has to do with you—that the solicitor could not be wanted for some other," Valentine began, rather lamely.

"Well, I think it must have to do with me—in point of fact, I think I guess whom the thing emanates from."

"You do?" said Mademoiselle D'Esterre somewhat faintly. It was better to speak than to keep fancying that he must hear the loud beating of her heart.

"Yes. I shall have to explain a little, or you will scarcely understand, mademoiselle. When my father died—he was in the Service, like myself—my uncle took my mother and me to live with him. He was a bachelor then and for many years after—some lady had jilted him, I believe, and he had given up all thoughts of marriage. He brought me up as his heir; he never said in so many words that I should inherit after him, but he implied it in a hundred ways. If I'd been his own son I couldn't have felt more secure of my position. I submitted my choice of a profession to him, telling him frankly that I liked soldiering best, but, if he thought it too poor a trade, I'd take another; and he said he'd make me an allowance which I must manage to live upon, and I did. You may imagine my surprise when, coming home one Christmas to spend my leave, on the day after my arrival, he took the opportunity of announcing to my mother and myself that he was about to be married to his old flame. She had married some Frenchman whose name I can't recollect, and was now a widow with one child—a girl. My uncle wasn't always a pleasant person to live with, and his fashion of announcing this news was anything but agreeable. He was so triumphant, so exultant, that he seemed wholly to forget our feelings in the matter, and that it couldn't be pleasant for us to see ourselves flung off like an old glove. My mother had been the careful manager of his household for years, had nursed him in illness, and put up with his queer humors out of gratitude, I knew, for his kindness to me; of course it was painful to me to see her put from her place by this strange woman, and it was a bitter disappointment to her, poor thing, to see all my prospects knocked on the head. My uncle was quite within his right, of course, and I knew that, and swallowed my pill as stoically as I could; but it was too much for my mother. She broke down, poor thing, got half hysterical, and said some things in her excitement that had better been left unsaid. Well, the result was a complete breach. The old man was as hard as the nether millstone when he was crossed; he ordered my mother to beg his pardon, using some insulting expression towards her. I interfered to defend her, and that drew his wrath upon me. We shouldn't have a penny from him, he said, till that apology was made; and I said—my blood was up—that we could do without his money, and that my mother should never degrade herself by apologizing to him after the language he had used to her. She would have done anything for me, but I wouldn't allow her to stoop so low for my sake. Well, it was hard times with us for some years after that. The mother managed on her little pension, and I exchanged to India, and found there wasn't much luxury to be got out of a sub's pay even there. However, things were better when I got my step; I could send something home then, and make her life more comfortable. A year ago she died, and some six or eight months after—'the good gift, when it came, came a moment too late,' you see—my uncle's money reverted to me; but thereby hangs a tale."

He paused, and Valentine, to avoid the silence she dreaded, said softly—

"Well?"

"Well, they'd acted on another will first, by which the girl I told you of—my uncle's stepdaughter—inherited everything. The curious part of the whole thing is, she wrote to me, and offered me half the money on the plea that my uncle had meant to make another will, in which my name would have been mentioned, and she thought it only just that I should have my share."

"And what did you say?" asked Valentine. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were shining like stars, and a smile was playing about her lips. The situation might be embarrassing, but there was excitement and a keen strange pleasure in it too.

"Well, I'm afraid I wasn't particularly gracious. I don't remember very well what I wrote, but I'm sure it was something pretty rough, for I remember feeling rather savage at the time. You see"—turning a sudden apologetic, appealing look towards her—"though the old man could be nasty, when he liked, and though he and I had quarrelled, still I'd a kindness for the old boy, and it went hard on me to find that he could pass me over for an interloper—a girl 'not a drop's blood to him,' as the Scotch say—while I was his brother's son. To have her patronize me and offer me money after ousting me from my inheritance simply drove me wild—and I thought the offer suspicious; you see, I didn't know anything about the girl."

"No," said Valentine, demurely; "so you were at liberty to suppose anything you liked. I understand."

"And I understand, mademoiselle," he said, his face flushing. "I have modified my opinion since. When I got home, an invalid, and heard of the discovery of a later will, which gave me all she'd had before, I had a talk with old Wade, my uncle's lawyer, and got some information about things from him. He seemed to have a great respect for Miss Heathcote, and I gathered from his description of her that she was a high-minded sort of girl, and one who would be above the kind of dodgery I suspected her of. But he said that, strange to say, she had questioned the genuineness of the second will—which he considered perfectly authentic, though he hadn't drawn it up—and had refused to accept a small legacy which came to her under it: and, finally, that she had left London without leaving any clue to her whereabouts. That was rather startling news to me, for I'd meant to look her up; and I was just beginning to take counsel with Wade about it when another client was announced—some fellow who'd made an appointment, and couldn't be kept waiting. I was too busy on my own account to go back that day or the next; and when I got to the office again, Wade wasn't there—was enjoying a touch of gout, poor old boy! Before he was well again, I had to leave London. I wrote to the old fellow, though, and I got some inquiries made, but no good has resulted from them. The girl seems to have disappeared; and it's rather a serious thing, for she must have had little or no resources—Wade seemed to think so, at least. I feel it rather a worry, I must say—I meant to have had her comfortably provided for. For the old man to have cut her off with such a pittance was as unjust as his leaving me out before. It seems to me however from this advertisement that she must cherish some hope of upsetting the will, and so regaining the entire fortune. Poor girl—I'm afraid she's following a Will-o'-the-wisp! It's a queer entanglement altogether!"

"Very," assented Valentine gravely; "and you don't think there is any reason to doubt the genuineness of the will, Major Heathcote?"

"No," he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Why should I? What passed old Wade's inspection might well satisfy me, I think. She offended my uncle in some way, I suppose, and he cut her out, as he did me before."

"I see. Then you will do nothing in the matter?"

"I must find that girl first of all. I don't even know her Christian name, but I dare say Wade does—I'll write to him. But I'm afraid I'm boring you most unwarrantably, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, no; I am very much interested, really!" said Mademoiselle D'Esterre quietly.

The beautiful rosy glow was still in her cheeks and a curious smile was upon her lips. She did not look at Heathcote, but that left him all the more liberty to look at her.

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME DUPUY, coming in from a round of shopping, found Major Heathcote and her niece still in the garden, and marvelled much over the entente cordiale now apparently existing between them.

"Why, child, you seem quite to have made it up with him!" she said.

Valentine blushed, and made a hasty disclaimer.

"No, auntie; I've come to see that there may be qualities worthy of respect, even in an enemy—that's all." She gave her aunt a short account of the more important part of their conversation, and then added, "I can see that he has strong affections, and would be good to his own. He seems to have been very fond of his mother."

"Yes; he has spoken to me about her. For my part," observed Madame Dupuy decisively, "I must say that I think very highly of Major Heathcote, and I can't, for the life of me, understand why you don't like him, Valentine."

"I can't afford to like him, auntie," returned the girl, laughing nervously. "If I did, I should go down into the arena with a poor courage, I'm afraid; and that wouldn't do for the leader of a forlorn hope."

Madame Dupuy looked up quickly at her niece.

"My very dear, has it come to that?" she asked wistfully.

"It has come to nothing so far, auntie; but who knows what it may come to yet?" Valentine answered, with a resolutely-cheerful smile; and then she changed the subject.

On the day after the appearance of the advertisement inserted by Valentine's solicitor and the conversation respecting it which Heathcote had held with her, another incident occurred which brought the subject of the will again prominently before her. She had been out giving a singing lesson, and, as she approached her own house, a young man, passing her on the footpath, caught the cane he carried in the drapery of her gown, and paused, hat in hand, to apologise. He had not finished his sentence however when, with a fuller view of her face, a sudden look of surprise and pleasure lighted up his own—a pleasant, blue-eyed, boyish countenance, which Valentine thought she had seen somewhere before.

"Miss Heathcote!" he exclaimed; and then, seeing her glance of astonishment—almost dismay, he flushed scarlet, and began a hurried explanation. "I beg your pardon—of course you don't know me—but I used to bring Mr. Heathcote's papers from the office when he was ill; and I've seen you, Miss Heathcote, though I dare say you don't know even my name—it's Hooper—George Hooper."

"Hooper!" echoed Valentine, turning very pale. "I remember. You were a witness to the will."

"I was," the admitted ruefully. "But I didn't know, Miss Heathcote—"

"Hush! Please don't call me by that name; I have resumed my own father's—I am Mademoiselle D'Esterre here. But, Mr. Hooper, are you in haste? Could you spare me ten minutes?"

The young fellow assured her that he was in no hurry—he was taking his holiday—he was quite at her disposal.

"Then will you come home with me? It is only a few yards from here. I should like to talk with you a little. This way!"

She walked quickly homewards, he following her lead. Madame Dupuy was engaged—was making currant-jelly—Martha explained stolidly, so Valentine led her visitor into the sitting-room, and proceeded to the business that was uppermost in her mind.

"First of all, I want to swear you to secrecy about all my sayings and doings," she said; and young Hooper pledged himself at once and most fervently.

Valentine had thrown off her hat, and her dark hair was ruffled a little about her forehead; a glow of excitement flushed her cheeks and imparted a wonderful brilliancy to her eager eyes. She leaned forward a little, clasping her hands.

"Now," she said, "I want you to tell me all about the will."

The young man was quite ready; but it did not seem after all as if there was much more to communicate than Valentine had heard before.

"Can you tell me this?" she asked. "Was the will written in my stepfather's own hand or in a lawyer's?"

"The text was in a round legalhand, but I think the names were filled in in Mr. Heathcote's own writing—his nephew's was, I'm certain. I remember thinking that the governor hadn't let the solicitor know much. How I saw it was that, while Burton was signing, I was standing by waiting, and the will was lying open on the table."

"You remember what colored paper it was written on?"

"Oh, yes; the paper was blue!"

"Yes," assented Valentine, with a little involuntary contraction of her finely-marked dark brows. It all coincided so far, but just now she had thought she saw her chance. "Of course when you spoke of this before—when you first mentioned having witnessed a will," she said, after a moment's silence, "you described the appearance of the document, just as you have done now to me?"

"I suppose so. Yes, I dare say I did, Miss Heathcote," acknowledged young Hooper uncomfortably. He had begun slightly to comprehend the situation.

"And whom did you describe it to?"

"To Mr. Willis first, and then to Mr. Gould. Mr. Gould would scarcely believe that I wasn't mistaken; and I had to describe it very minutely, I remember, before I could convince him that it really was a will."

"Ah, yes—so I should think!" said Valentine absently. It was very bitter; her vague suspicion had grown to a moral certainty by now; but she had no proof—no proof! And who would listen to her without it? She looked up suddenly, rousing herself. "You saw the will which Mr. Gould afterwards produced," she went on; "did you look at it, closely, Mr. Hooper? Are you quite sure that it was the same will you signed?"

"I think so—I believe so," said the startled young man. "I examined my own signature, and had no doubt it was mine, and there was Burton's just above it."

"And you looked at the date? You did not remember the date, I believe, when you spoke of the will first?"

"No; I never thought of looking at the date."

"It was the 16th of June," said Valentine gravely.

"The 16th of June!" Young Hooper started; his good-looking, boyish face first flushed, and then grew pale. "Are you sure, Miss Heathcote—absolutely sure?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes—quite sure." Valentine gazed at him, an unspoken question shining keenly in her eyes.

"Because," said Hooper, answering her look, "I wasn't in London on the sixteenth—I was here!"

"Here?" cried Valentine excitedly.

"Yes; my people live here—my father is a solicitor. I come here for my holidays. Last year I came earlier than usual, because my grandfather was ill. He died the day after I got here; and yesterday I found a memorial card in my mother's desk giving the date of his death—the 16th of June. The will must have been signed several days before that. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

Valentine rose to her feet, and made a few rapid steps down the room, and then came back to him.

"I don't think I am," she said in a low tremulous voice—"I don't think I am; but I won't be positive; and I won't build too much on this till I find—till I hear. There is a place, isn't there, where wills are kept and can be looked at? Yes; I will have the will examined, and then—then—"

"Can I do that for you?" asked young Hooper eagerly. "If I could be of any use, Miss Heathcote—I beg your pardon, mademoiselle—if there were anything I could do—"

Valentine gave him her hand, and looked into his face with a sweet tremulous smile.

"You have been very kind, and I thank you from my heart," she said. "If I really need to trouble you farther, I shall not hesitate. Please let me know your address, that I may give you news about this when it comes. Thank you very, very much!"

When the lad was gone, she sat down for a few minutes to let the throbbing in her head, the wild beating of her heart, subside; and then, with a hand that scarcely shook, she wrote a letter to Mr. Bland, and sent it to the post. She would have two days to wait—two long anxious days; but surely she had learned how to wait during all those weary months!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN ENGLISH COURTS.—A young lawyer of Boston was asked the other day why in the English courts a woman must remove her hat. He could not answer the question. But an old lawyer, to whom the matter was referred, recalled the opinion of Sir Edward Coke on the matter.

It was at a murder trial where the prisoner was a woman and appeared before the court with her head covered. Sir Edward Coke ordered the woman to remove her hat and said: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice."

The accused tartly replied: "It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man."

"It isn't strange at all," replied the Judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, cannot discover the secrets which are known to God, and therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides, the countenance is often the index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat should be removed and therewith the shadow that it casts upon your face." The hat of the prisoner was taken off, but she was allowed, for modesty's sake, to cover her hair with a kerchief.

In White Robes.

BY FRANK MAYNE.

THIRTY years ago, when I was an undergraduate of Oxford, my health suddenly gave way, and Doctor Phillips ordered me to leave England as soon as convenient, and to take a long spell of rest, if possible somewhere in the South of Europe, as near to the sea as I could get.

Talking the matter over with a friend, he advised me to go to Naples by sea, thus obtaining a short sea voyage, and when I arrived there to take a carriage and drive to an address he gave me, that of a villa about three miles from Pompeii, situated in its own grounds, which sloped to the sea.

He said I should thoroughly enjoy myself, but would have to rough it a little, as the only occupant of the villa was an old man-servant of the family to whom it belonged.

Thinking this over carefully, and nothing better turning up, I took his advice, and packing up a few things left London, and after a very pleasant voyage, lasting 12 or 13 days, arrived at Naples.

Whence, escaping the bustle and noise incidental to a foreign port I drove to the villa, enjoying the ride immensely, though the streets and roads were, for the greater part of the way, one big mass of filth and dirt, but after leaving the environs of Naples and streets of the modern Herculaneum, I came into the country and was enchanted with the magnificent view; on one side the Mediterranean with its blue expanse of waters, and on the other the threatening volcano of Vesuvius.

The villa was exactly as my friend had described it, standing in its own grounds, which were of large extent, filled with orange, lemon, and olive trees and fountains, but rather picturesque with Nature's wild luxuriance than obeying any law of horticulture.

I enjoyed myself immensely, getting up late, strolling about and smoking, sometimes wandering through the silent streets of Pompeii, or taking a trip to sunny Capri, letting my memory carry me back to the time of Tiberius, filling in the picture given to us by Tacitus.

But on the Easter Sunday in the year 1861, I was aroused from this lethargy, for the old man who waited upon me suddenly fell ill. I think it must have been a stroke of some kind or other, but to all my entreaties, begging him to let me send for assistance, he replied with stoical indifference, "That he could die."

I administered such remedies as I knew, but he gradually became weaker, and towards evening, as I stood by his bedside, I heard him muttering "Pardon, Holy Mother, Pardon."

Thinking the old man's mind was wandering, I did not pay much attention to his words, but suddenly he sat up in bed, and, with a groan, motioned me to come nearer.

I did so, and giving him a wine-glass of brandy, which seemed to revive him, I put one arm round him, and then heard the story of his life, one which it seems is a very common one in Italy, at least if tales are true.

I shall never forget the strange scene; and though it happened so many years ago, still it all comes back with a vividness and reality which seems to push all other thoughts and fancies far into the background. Lying back upon my arms he thus began:

"You must know, Signor, that this villa was formerly the residence of the noble family of Tennerello, one of the proudest and poorest of the Neapolitan aristocracy. My father and grandfather were servants of the family, and as a boy I had been brought up to consider that everything the Signors did was right, and that I was obliged to obey them even to giving up my life, and, Signor, I did so. I not only have given my life but my soul, Holy Mother, my soul!

"The family consisted of the Marquise, his two sons, Pietro and Francesco, and one daughter, Catarina, considered as the most beautiful woman even in Naples.

"The Marquise lived very quietly till the young lady was nearly of age, when he launched out into great extravagance, giving balls and entertainments in ceaseless succession, alleging as the reason that he had inherited money from a distant relation, but the real reason, as I discovered later on, was to arrange if possible a marriage between his daughter Catarina and a rich young noble of Palermo, then stationed at Naples, hoping by this alliance to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family.

"They were successful, for the young noble, deeply smitten, asked her father for her hand. He gladly promised it, and sending for his daughter told her of the proposal, expecting her to be pleased at obtaining so great a match, but she, poor girl, had already, unknown to any of her relations, pledged herself to a young man who was neither rich nor noble. Falling on her knees she begged her father not to marry her to the young duke, as she had pledged her love to another; her father, astounded, angrily demanded his name, but Catarina, frightened by his violence, would not divulge it, whereupon, in his madness, he struck her a violent blow, and then, ringing the bell, ordered her attendant to take her to her room, saying she was unwell.

"As soon as she was gone he summoned his two sons and myself to his room, and concocted a plan by which we might discover who her lover was.

"The next morning the Marquise and his two sons, taking their guns, departed for Capri, leaving me to watch his daughter. The morning passed without anything occurring, but about three o'clock in the afternoon I saw the old attendant making signs from the balcony to a young man on the shore, who, seeing her, immediately entered the garden, and was soon afterwards joined by Donna Catarina. I recognized the young man as Giovanni Leone, the son of one of the Neapolitan tradesmen.

"I accordingly announced this to the Marquise, who, after violently upbraiding his daughter, started with his sons to the theatre at Naples, knowing they would meet Giovanni there, he being one of the actors. Leaving the theatre, the younger son, Francesco, purposely pushed himself against Leone, and, on the latter resenting this, struck him a blow on the cheek, whereupon a duel took place, in which Leone was slightly wounded, but still bearing no enmity he wrote some very touching letters to the elder brother, declaring his love for his sister, and beseeching him to use his influence with his father for him. The letters remained unanswered; nevertheless, the lovers remained constant, and evading all our precaution, managed to meet frequently by the aid of another servant of the family.

"The Marquise, being afraid that this would come to the ears of the young noble, or that the lovers might elope, resolved upon the murder of Leone.

"The next evening he placed me, partly hidden, on the balcony, commanding me to make a sign similar to that which I had seen Donna Catarina's attendant make. I did so, and presently heard the steps as of one walking in the dark, ascending the stairs, then a struggle—a fall, and all was over.

"After the space of two hours, I went down stairs, and there lay the young man dead, with a pistol in his right hand and a pool of blood at his feet. Pretending to be frightened and astonished, I rushed to my master's room, and informed him that some young man had committed suicide on his stairs. He appeared dreadfully shocked, and sent for the police authorities, who took the same view of the case as we did, and after a short examination of the dead body conveyed it to the cemetery.

"It was not, however, allowed to remain there long, for Giovanni's father, guessing the real facts of the case, petitioned the authorities for a fresh trial, and after great trouble obtained his request.

"Again we escaped, owing to the false witness of one of the accusers, but slowly and surely the links were discovered, and we were again placed in the dock, and I, seeing that all escape was impossible, boldly avowed the deed.

"The Marquise and his sons were acquitted, but I was conveyed to the common prison, Santa Maria ad Agnone, to await my execution, which, owing to the powerful interests exerted in my behalf, was commuted to five years' solitary confinement; at the end of which time I was released and made my way back to the villa, but how different from the villa of former times. The young lady was in a convent, the two sons were abroad, and the Marquise was sinking into a dishonored grave, broken-hearted at the loss of his daughter and the declining fortunes of his house. At his death I remained here, tending the gardens and protecting the interests of his sons, whom I have never seen since the day I was condemned."

Here the old man paused, and, with shaking hand, pointed to the courtyard, where I saw a white-robed figure kneeling on the flagstones, and then slowly disappearing.

"It is the young lady," said he; "she comes to pray here on the anniversary of her lover's death, and this—this—is the day—Easter Sunday!"

As the old man muttered these words, he fell back, and when I bent over him he had indeed passed that border from which there is no return.

I need say little more. I saw him decently buried, and then, collecting all my traps together, I sailed for England. When—after a lapse of thirty years—I again found myself in Naples last Easter Sunday, and visiting the spot, roamed through the deserted rooms until I came to the bedroom where I had heard this sorrowful confession. Some thought, I know not what, led me to the window, and as I did so I saw a white-robed figure rise slowly from the ground and disappear amongst the trees.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

The truth is that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and soul, which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away, even more by stupidity than wilfulness.

A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential.

The idiots and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard, but they are not nearly so hard as to live a cat-and-dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners, and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained?

The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who flings himself into the presence of his wife, careless, stubborn and sour-tempered, though he never went to his fiancee except on his best behavior. Let us have more social justice in these matters.

The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds, not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life, and oblivion of the fact that while men have the world women have only their home.

These grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe, nor grow into such absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way.

They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever put back.

HEALING SPELLS.—Many healing spells are still practiced in various districts in Great Britain, which are considered certain remedies. The Northumbrian cure for warts is to take a large snail, rub the wart well with it, and then impale the snail on a thorn hedge. As the creature wastes away, the wart will surely disappear. In Sunderland, the crown of the head is shaved and the hair hung upon a bush or tree, with the full faith that as the birds carry away the hair, so will the cough vanish. In Lincolnshire, a girl suffering from the ague cuts a lock of her hair and binds it around an aspen tree, praying the latter to shake in her stead. At least one holy well in Ireland—that of Tubber Queen—requires an offering of hair from all Christian pilgrims who come here on the last three Sundays in June to worship St. Quan. As a charm against toothache, it is necessary to go thrice around a neighboring tree on the bare knees and then cut off a lock of hair and tie it to a branch. The tree thus fringed with human hair of all colors is a curious sight and an object of deep veneration.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Although no human vision can penetrate the darkness of the future, yet there is such a thing as so disciplining oneself as not to be extravagantly elated by unexpected good fortune or utterly prostrated by unlooked-for misfortunes. Such discipline constitutes one of the principal, and most essential elements of human character. It enables us in all circumstances to persevere in the performance of the great duties of life. It becomes a source of almost boundless strength in carrying resolutely to completion the difficult undertakings upon we see fit to enter. It enables us to bear with comparative stoicism the trials and disappointments of life when they come upon us suddenly and seem almost beyond endurance.

Bric-a-Brac.

MOHAVE SUPERSTITIONS.—The Mohaves believe that all who die and are not cremated are turned into owls and when they hear an owl hooting at night they think it is the spirit of some dead Mohave returned. After any one dies they do not eat salt or wash themselves for four days. They had formerly an annual burning of property, and all would contribute something to the flames in expectation of its going up to their departed friends in heaven, or "White Mountain," as they call it.

COMBS.—Combs, both for use and ornament, are of very great antiquity. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans made their combs from hard wood, generally boxwood, and this material was used for ages, till horn, ivory, gold and shell were substituted. The gold combs of the middle ages were frequently adorned with precious stones. The horny, overlapping plates of the hawkbill turtle were known to the ancient Romans, who used them in inlaying furniture and in other ornamental work.

INDIAN IDOL.—The images of the gods in India are not made by a separate caste, but the carpenters and masons respectively make the large wooden and stone idols set up in the temples, the potters the clay idols consumed in daily worship, and the braziers, coppersmiths and goldsmiths the little images in brass, copper, mixed metal and gold and silver that are always kept in private homes. The East Indians regard an alloy of brass, with six other metals, gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, making with the copper and zinc of the brass, a mixture of light metals, as a very perfect alloy, and this is highly prized as a material for sacred images.

CHINESE SURGERY.—Like most things in China, the practice of surgery differs considerably from that in vogue in less enlightened western countries. Bone-setting in the Celestial Empire is a complicated affair, and doubtless more efficacious than European methods. In setting a fractured limb the surgeon does not attempt to bring the bones together, but merely wraps the limb in red clay, inserting some strips of bamboo into the clay. These strips are swathed in bandages, and in the outer bandage the head of a live chicken is placed. Here comes in the superior science of the Celestial. After the bandage has been secured the fowl is beheaded and its blood is allowed to penetrate the fracture, for it nourishes the fractured limb and is "heap good medicine."

A CURIOUS DECREE.—A censor, attached to the imperial court in Pekin, having suggested that the Emperor should take up the ancient practice of having the classics and other sacred writings expounded to him daily, his Majesty published this decree: "Since we have undertaken the task of governing in person, we have daily received in audience the officials of the metropolis and the provinces, and done our utmost to rightly discern the proper men and pass judgment on their actions. Such time as remains at our disposal after transacting the multitudinous affairs of State, we devote to the study of the classics and historical records, often engaging in discussion with the imperial tutors, and never permitting ourselves for a moment to indulge in luxurious ease."

MATRIMONY.—The following advertisement appeared recently in a Japanese newspaper, and suggests that the land of the Mikado may be a good place for a matrimonial agency; also, that the ideal she of one man, at least, has distinct limitation: "Wanted, a wife. If she is pretty, she need not be clever. If she is rich, she need not be pretty. If she is clever, she need not be perfect in form (provided, always, that she be not conceited). Her station in life is no object; neither is the remoteness of her place of abode, whether in country or town. She ought to be in the neighborhood of twenty years of age, more or less. The would-be bridegroom is an artist of Osaka, occupying a medium position in position in society. Ladies desiring a union are requested to attend at the office of Osaka Mainichi Shimbun by the twenty-fifth instant, where full particulars will be given."

NOCTURNE.

BY W. W. L.

The green fields slope below me where I lie,
  Above me dance the leaves in summer breeze;
And happy birds, in joyous melody of love,
  Dart in and out the bending trees.

From meadow-land the scent of violets
  Float upward in the balmy air,
With tiny drum of wandering bee—
  The day is perfect—sweet and fair.

Here, lying in the cool, green grass,
  I watch the lights and shadows play;
The spell of Love lies on my soul,
  Content, I dream the day away.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A GOVERNESS?" said Leslie. "In a gentleman's family?"

Lucy Somes shook her head emphatically.

"Oh, no, thank you! I know what that means! Six young children to teach, all the mending to do, and heaps of other things for twenty pounds a year; less than they give their cook! No, no; I am going to be the mistress of one of the country schools."

"Yes?" said Leslie, vaguely.

"Yes, I am going to try and get the mistress-ship of a Board or Voluntary school in some country-place; I couldn't live in London. I don't seem as if I could breathe here. Every morning I wake and fancy I have been shut up in a coal mine. Did you ever notice how the smuts come into the room when you open the window? And that's what London breathes all the time."

"It does not seem to disagree with them," said Leslie, with a faint smile.

"It disagrees with me," retorted Lucy, laughing. "Oh, no, no, give me the country, with plenty of space to move about, and the flowers and the birds, and butter that isn't manufactured from fat, and milk that isn't a mixture of chalk and water. Don't you think it will be very nice to be the mistress of a school in some pretty village? There is always a nice little house for one to live in, and perhaps I could afford to keep a young girl for a servant, and—and—be able to save some money to send to my mother to help her with the rest of us."

Leslie listened, and her conscience smote her. Here was this girl, no older than herself, alone in London, and so bravely ready to fight the great battle; thinking little of herself, and so much of those dear ones she had left behind.

"Of course I am rather afraid of the exams," went on Lucy, knowing somehow that the best thing she could do for this sweet, sad-looking girl was to talk of herself, and so coax Leslie from dwelling on her own sorrow. "They are rather dreadful, but I have been working hard, and I think I shall pass. I'll show some of my books, shall I—may I? But you must have your tea first, quite comfortably. It was so kind of you to come down to me! I was feeling so dreadful lonely and—and friendless. London is such a big place to be alone in, isn't it?"

"Ah, yes!" said Leslie.

"I tried to make friends with the sparrows," said Lucy, laughing. "I put some crumbs on the window-sill at breakfast, and they come and eat them. But they are not like the country sparrows; they look, somehow, so—disreputable. I suppose it's because they sit up late, like everybody else in London. All the animals are different; the very horses look knowing and sharp. Now, you shall sit in that easy-chair while I show you my books." And half timidly she put Leslie in the chair, and arranged a cushion for her as if she were a great invalid.

Leslie's tender heart melted under all this gentle sunshine, and when Lucy, kneeling beside her, opened her books, Leslie found, with a vague kind of surprise, that she was interested.

"You see? It is a great many subjects to get up, isn't it? But I'm not afraid. I should get on faster if some of the girls were here to hear me repeat some of the most difficult passages; and if—papa were here to explain things I don't quite understand. He was so clever! There was nothing he did not know," she added with simple, loving pride.

"Let me see," said Leslie, taking up a book. "Why should not I help you, Miss Somes?"

Lucy colored furiously.

"Oh, indeed, indeed," she said imploringly. "I did not mean that! I could not think of allowing you. But how kind of you to offer! Oh, no, no!"

"But the kindness will be on your part if you will let me try and be of some help," said Leslie, with gentle insistence. "I, too, am all alone, and I have nothing to do—" she smothered a sigh— "and the time seems very long and weary. I could hear you repeat what you have learned as well as one of your sisters. I could do that at least. Let me see. I am very ignorant; you will soon see that. But I remember something of this book. I had it at school."

Lucy could not hear of it for some time, but at last Leslie overcame her scruples, and with a little blush repeated some of the paragraphs she had got off by heart.

* * * * * *

Reading for an exam, even a little one, is awful work. If it were only one or two subjects which one had to master it would not be so bad; but when there are six or a dozen then the trouble comes in. As fast as one subject is learned it is driven out of its place in the memory by a second, and the second by the third, and so on. Then one has to go back and begin all over again, until they all get mixed up, and one feels it will be impossible to ever get them properly sorted and arranged.

The more Leslie saw of this pleasant-faced, kind-hearted girl, the more she admired and wondered at her patience and courage.

They lit the lamp and worked through the evening, though Lucy over and over again protested that it was both wicked and cruel to take advantage of Leslie's good fortune; and at last she swept all the books together, and declared that Leslie should not touch another.

"But if you knew what a help it has been to me!" she exclaimed gratefully.

"And to me," said Leslie with a smile. "It is I who out to be grateful—and, indeed, I am for I should have been sitting upstairs alone with nothing to do but think, think!"

"Ah, that is the worst of it," said Lucy gravely. "That is why I am so glad I am obliged to work! You see I haven't time to think; I keep on and on, like the man who climbed the Alps—what was his name, Excelsior?"

The next morning Lucy knocked at the door. She had got her outdoor things, and had a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, blushing timidly, "but I have been for a run. I always go into Covent Garden, and—and I brought some flowers. I thought you would not mind, would not think it intrusive; but I am so fond of flowers myself——"

Leslie made her come in and sit down, while she got water for the flowers. Lucy looked round, and saw the easel. Leslie had put the pictures out of sight.

"Are you an artist, Miss Leslie?" she asked timidly.

"No, oh, no. It was my father——"

"Yes, yes. I see," said Lucy quickly. "It is so hard to paint or draw, isn't it? That is where I shall fail, I expect. You see, I have never been able to get any tuition. I suppose you can draw?"

"Yes, a little," said Leslie.

"And play? But of course!"

"Yes," said Leslie.

Lucy sighed, not enviously but admiringly.

"It is a pity that it is not you who are going up for the exam instead of me. It would be so easy for you! They think so much of drawing and playing and accomplishments generally, I'm told,"

Leslie looked at her half-startled.

"You think I—I could pass, that I could get a place in a school?" she faltered.

Lucy laughed confidently.

"Oh, yes! Why, easily. But you do not want it, fortunately."

Leslie looked at her in silence for a minute, then she took out her purse and turned the money out on the table.

"That is all I have in the world," she said with a quiet smile.

Lucy crimsoned, and then turned pale.

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon. Please—please forgive me!" she said. "I did not know, I thought——"

"That I was a princess, a millionaire," said Leslie, smiling still. "No, as you see, I am very poor and quite—quite alone. I would give something for a mother and six brothers and sisters, Miss Somes."

"Oh, don't! Call me Lucy!" Lucy implored timidly. "I am—it is very wicked!—But I am almost glad that you are not well off! It draws us nearer, and—and you will not mind? But I like you so much! You are not angry?"

Leslie bent and kissed the resolute little forehead.

"No, I am only grateful, Lucy," she said in her sweet, irresistible way. "We two, who are alone in this big London, ought to cling together, ought we not? You must call me Leslie, and try and think that I am one of your sisters."

"That won't be hard," responded Lucy, fervently. "But let me think! You say ——" She paused. "Oh, but you would not like it. It—it would not be good enough——"

"What would not be good enough, Lucy?"

"Why a place like that I am trying for," said Lucy, timidly.

Leslie sighed.

"It would be too good to hope for," she said gently.

Lucy sprang up eagerly.

"Oh, that is nonsense!" she exclaimed in her half-proud, half-impetuous fashion. "Why, you could pass easily, and——! Yes! I see it all plainly as possible! You shall go in for the exam. We will work together! No, don't shake your head! We should both stand a better chance if we tried together, for there may be things I could help you in, and I know that you could help me. There's the drawing, for instance! Oh, I can see it all beautifully! and only think, Leslie, perhaps we may get into the same school! It might be managed! Mother has some influence, for poor papa's people are well known, and can help us once we have passed. Now, you shan't say anything against it or shake your head. Wait!"

She ran out of the room, and before Leslie could recover from the varied emotions, the hope, the fear, which Lucy's suggestion had aroused, Lucy was back with her books and papers.

"Look here, Leslie dear," she exclaimed, panting, "there is the list of subjects and the books and everything, and we will start at once. Yes, at once."

Leslie still hesitated, but Lucy drew her down to a chair beside the table, and gently forced her to examine the papers.

Lucy and her scheme came just in the nick of time, and once Leslie had commenced she worked with a feverish eagerness which Lucy declared required the brake.

"I was just like that myself when I started, though I don't think I was quite as bad as you are, Leslie dear; but you soon find that the pace is too fast, as my brothers would say. You can't keep it up, and you have to slow off into regular work, with regular rests. Come, you must go out now; it is two days since you left the house, and you must come out with me. You would soon break down if you kept on at this rate."

Leslie put down the book she was working at reluctantly, and with a sigh.

"I am not tired, I do not care to go out," she said. "While one works one cannot think, and not to think——"

She broke off and turned her face away.

"I know," said Lucy; but she didn't, for she thought Leslie was only trying not to think of her father, "I know. But if you kept on driving it off by constant working you would find that you would get no sleep, and lay awake all night and think, and that is worse than thinking in the daytime. Come, dear, we will go for a nice long walk, and come back fresh to the tiresome books."

"Blessed books, say rather!" said Leslie. But she went and put on her outdoor things submissively. The two girls had by this time entered into a kind of partnership. Fate had thrown them together into the whirlpool of life, and they had decided to cling together to this spar: the chance of a mistress-ship in a country school, and to sink or float together. They joined housekeeping and ate their meals together, and worked with an amity and friendliness which did credit to both their hearts. Leslie's was the quicker brain, but Lucy had been working for some months, and could stick to her task with a dogged perseverance which Leslie envied, whereas Lucy regarded Leslie with an admiration and affection which almost amounted to worship. To her Leslie seemed the epitome of all that was beautiful and sweet and graceful, and if Leslie had permitted it Lucy would have become a kind of lady's-maid as well as fellow-student.

The afternoon was a hot one, but Leslie wore her veil down, walking along with absent pre-occupied eyes and only half listening to the bright, cheery chatter of the brave-hearted girl at her side.

"After all, London is not bad," said Lucy. "One gets fond of it, stupidly fond of it, without knowing it. It doesn't seem so hard and cold-hearted after a while, and I—yes, I really think it is more friendly than the country. The shops are so bright and cheerful that they seem to smile at you and tell you to cheer up; and then there's the noise. I didn't like it at first, but I don't mind it so much now. It seems like company. Do you know what I mean, Leslie?"

"Yes," said Leslie absently. She was thinking of what Yorke had said about London, and how good it was to get away from it. Where was he now? she wondered.

"Yes, if I were a rich woman I would have a house in London—not for the season, oh, no! Fancy all the rich and fashionable people leaving the dear delicious country just when is is beginning to look its very best, and coming up here into the hot streets and stuffy houses! Though the parks are pretty, I will admire that. No, I would come up when the days draw in, and the country lanes are muddy, and the roads dark. Then London is at its best, with the lighted streets and the theatres and the warm houses. Yes, Leslie, if I were rich——" She laughed. "How strange it must seem to anyone who becomes suddenly rich! One hears of girls marrying wealthy men, and stepping from poverty to luxury. I suppose it must be confusing and bewildering at first; at least, to most girls. I don't think it would be to you, Leslie," she added, glancing up at her with a reflective smile. "I think if you were to marry a duke you would take it quite calmly and as a matter of course. Somehow when I am looking at you, when you are bending over the books, or better, still, when you are standing at the window with your arms folded and the strange-far away look in your eyes, I think what a pity it is that you are not a great lady. You are so tall, and—and—what is the word?—distingue, that I can fancy you dressed in white satin with a long train, and hear you being called "your grace."

Leslie bit her lip.

"I am not distingue or so foolish as to believe all you say, Lucy," said she, scarcely knowing what she said, for the aimless chatter had set her heart aching: not for the lost of the dukedom, but the man. "Where are we?"

Lucy laughed with a gentle triumph.

"If I don't know half so much of other things as you do. I know London better," she said. "We are coming out into St. James's, and we will walk into the Park and through Pall Mall, and then take a bus, your grace."

Leslie stopped and laid her hand on Lucy's arm.

"Don't—don't called me that," she said, so gravely, almost sternly, that Lucy looked up half frightened.

"I beg your pardon. I am so sorry, Leslie, if I——"

"No, no," broke in Leslie, ashamed of the agitation into which Lucy's idle badinage had just thrown her. "Call me what you like, dear."

Lucy looked up at her timidly and wonderfully, and was silent; and Leslie had to force herself to talk to restore her companion's peace of mind.

They went into the Park, talking of the future and their chances.

"I will not be long now," said Lucy. "Oh, how I long for the day when we shall hold those certificates in our hands! I shall be so proud and glad that I shall scarcely be able to contain myself. I shall have to telegraph to mother; it will cost eighteenpence, for they are two miles from the telegraph office; but I don't care. And you'll wire too, Leslie——"

Leslie shook her head.

"I have no one to tell," she said; "at least I shall save the eighteenpence," and she smiled gravely.

"You will have me, at any rate," murmured Lucy gently, and Leslie pressed her hand gratefully.

They wandered into the Park—what a host of memories it calls up to him who knows his history of London, that same Park!—until the twilight came, and then turned homewards.

As they passed down Pall Mall they met the broughams and cabs rolling home to the West, and Lucy, regarding them with a pleasant interest, remarked—

"They are all going home. It is their dinner time; see, some of the women are in evening dress. Yes, it must be nice to be rich and great; but we are happy, we too, are we not, Leslie dear?"

"Yes," said Leslie, and she tried to speak the word cheerfully.

"These are the famous clubs, are they not?" said Lucy, looking up at the stately buildings, through the windows of which the lights were beginning to glimmer.

"Yes," said Leslie.

"How strange it seems that there should be so many people who have nothing whatever to do, who have never worked, and who have so much money as to find it a nuisance, while others have to work every day of their lives, and all their lives, and have never a spare penny. Look, Leslie, there are some gentlemen going into that club—I suppose it is a club. How grand and nice they look in their evening dress! It must I be nice to be a rich gentleman instead of——"

She broke off suddenly, by a sharp cry that seemed to force itself through Leslie's lips.

They had come within a few yards of the club into which the men Lucy had noticed had disappeared, and Leslie's absent, preoccupied eyes had fallen upon another man who was coming towards them.

He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, but he was walking with a slow, listless gait, and his head was bent as if he neither knew nor cared where he was going.

Leslie knew him in a moment. It was Yorke.

And yet could it be? Could this weary-looking, listless man with his hands thrust into his light overcoat pocket, with his drooping head, be Yorke, with the straight broad shoulders, the figure upright as a dart, the well-poised head, the handsome face with its cheerful devil-may-care look in the bright eyes? Oh, surely not Yorke, not her Yorke as she remembered him in the street at Portmaris, on the beach, beside her on the tower at St. Martin's?

After that one cry she made no sign, but drew back a step so that Lucy should screen her from him if he chanced to look up.

He came towards them like a man walking in a dream, and as he reached their side he raised his head and looked at them. Leslie had hard work to keep the cry that rose in her heart from escaping her lips.

It was Yorke's face; but how changed! How weary and sad and hopeless—and, yes, reckless! There was that in the dark eyes which she, an innocent girl, did not understand; but instinctively a pang went through her heart, and she trembled, she knew not why.

His eyes, with that strange, awful look in them, rested on their faces for a moment, then dropped again and he passed on. He went up the steps of the club, but turned and stood just outside the door, and Leslie, almost sinking with agitation, hurried on.

"What is the matter? Leslie dear, you frighten me!" said Lucy. "Are you ill?"

"No—yes!" said Leslie.

She walked swiftly and yet tremblingly up a side street, and stood there, out of the reach of those eyes, shaking like a leaf.

"You are ill!" said Lucy, catching her arm. "We have walked too far—you are tired. Oh, what is it, dear?"

"Yes, I am tired," said Leslie when she could command her voice. "That is it. We—we must have a cab. Stay! Not, here, come farther up the street——"

Lucy called a cab, and Leslie sank back, her hands clasped tightly, her face white as death behind her veil.

"You frighten me, Leslie!" said Lucy, holding her hand. "And you look so frightened yourself. What was it, dear? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Yes," said Leslie, but in so low a voice that Lucy could not hear her. "Yes, I have seen a ghost."

Yorke stood on the steps of the club with downcast face and moody eyes for some half minute, then the eyes lit up with a sombre light, and going down the steps he crossed the road and laid his hand sharply on the shoulder of a man who was lounging against a post. The man looked up, but did not appear surprised.

"You're watching me!" said Yorke, and his voice matched his face—it was hard and stern. "You have been watching me for the last two days. Don't trouble to deny it!"

The man, whose appearance was like that of a respectable servant out of livery, a butler out of place, for instance, touched his hat.

"Lord Auchester, I think, sir?" he said coolly, yet not disrespectfully.

"You know my name well enough," said Yorke a little sternly, as if he were too weary to be resentful. "Who are you and what do you want? I have seen you following me for the last two days. Why do you do it? What is it?"

The man took a paper from his pocket, and just touched Yorke's arm with his finger, as if he were going through some form.

"I am a sheriff's officer, my lord," he said, "and this is my writ."

Yorke looked at him and at the paper.

"What writ?" he said, not angrily, but with obvious indifference.

"A matter of five bills overdue, my lord. Judgment has been signed a week ago——"

Yorke shook his head.

"You might as well talk Arabic, my man," he said listlessly. "I know nothing about the law——"

"Certainly not, my lord," said the man, as if he would not insult his lordship by suggesting such knowledge. "It isn't to be expected. But your lordship has had the former summonses——"

Yorke shook his head.

"Delivered at your rooms at Bury street, my lord——"

"I see," said Yorke. He had not opened a letter that looked like a business one since the hour he had learnt that Leslie had "jilted" him. "I see. What do you want me to do?"

"Only to go home, my lord, and put in an appearance to-morrow, at the court, you know."

"I don't know," said Yorke. "Why have you watched me?"

"Well, my lord, we had information—in fact, we've sworn it—that you intended leaving the country——"

"I did," said Yorke.

"Just so, my lord, and I was keeping my eye on you. I could have you arrested you—it's a City process—if you'd attempted to leave one of the English ports."

Yorke smiled grimly.

"You must have had some trouble," he said.

The man smiled and nodded.

"Indeed I have, my lord. You nearly walked me off my legs. I never shadowed such a restless gentleman, begging your lordship's pardon. I must have walked—oh, law knows how many miles, following you, and it's a wonder to me we ain't both knocked up."

Yorke gave him a sovereign.

"Go, home," he said. "You need follow me no longer. I will attend the court, wherever it is. Stop, what is the name of the man who does all this, the man I owe the money to?"

"Mr. Ralph Duncombe, my lord."

Yorke repeated the name vacantly.

"I don't know him. I never have heard of him," he said. "But it does not matter. I owe a great many persons money, and he may be one of them. Good-night," and he walked away, his head down again, his hands in his pockets.

The man looked after him with a puzzled countenance, and turned over the sovereign Yorke had given him.

"One of the right sort he is," he muttered. "But ain't he down on his luck? I've seen a good many of 'em in Queer street, but none of 'em even looked half so bad as that. If I was his friends I should take his razors away!"

Yorke reached Bury street, but before he could ring the door opened, and Fleming with a scared face stood before him.

"Oh, my lord!" he began. "Better not come up—go to the club, my lord, and I'll bring your things——"

Yorke put him aside gently and went slowly up the stairs.

A man—own brother in appearance to the man in the street—was sitting on the sofa. He got up as Yorke entered, and touched his forehead.

"Well?" said Yorke.

"I'm the man in possession, my lord," said the man respectfully enough.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MAN in possession! Yorke looked at him half vacantly.

"Do you mean you are going to stop here?" he said. "That you have got to stop here?"

"Yes, my lord, I'm sorry to say," said the man; "something's got to be here to see that none of the things is removed."

Fleming, standing behind his master, groaned; Yorke turned to him quite coolly.

"Give the man something to eat and drink, and make him comfortable; he can't help it, poor devil. Bring me some cigars and my letters into the dressing-room."

He sat down and lit a cigar, and opened the letters which has been lying disregarded for weeks; and as he looked through them he saw that he was in a worse mess than he had ever before been. All his other money troubles were trifles and child's play compared with this.

There was not a worse business man in London than Yorke, and he did not half understand the legal documents, the summonses, the orders of the Court, which he opened and stared at; but the prominence and frequency of one name in the whole business struck him.

"Who on earth is Ralph Duncombe?" he asked himself. "Levison I know, and Moses Aaron I know, and this man, and this. I remember having money from them, but Ralph Duncombe——" No. He could not recall the man's name. But, after all, it did not matter. It was evident that his creditors had all combined to swoop down upon him at once, and the avalanche would crush him unless he got some help; and where should he turn? It would be useless to attempt to borrow money through the usual channels; no doubt the news that he was going to marry a penniless girl, instead of the rich heiress Lady Eleanor Dallas, had leaked out, and all the money-lenders, who hung together like bees, would refuse to lend him a silver sixpence.

Dolph! He almost started as he thought of him; for two days ago the duke, who had been seriously ill, had started for the Continent, and Yorke did not even know in which direction.

For to tell the truth, Yorke had avoided the duke and every other friend and acquaintance since the day he had been convinced that Leslie had thrown him over. No doubt the duke would lend him the money—would give him twice as much as was necessary—though the sum total was a large one; but the money must be forthcoming at once! The man had said he would have to appear in the Court in the City to-morrow—or was it the next day? Good heavens! appear as a common defaulter in a public Court!

He smiled grimly. So far as he was concerned, he felt, in the humor he was just then in, that he did not care a button what became of him. When you reached the point at which life is a burden and a nuisance it does not matter whether you are ruined or not. But there were other people to think of; there were Dolph, and Lord Eustace, and all his other relatives. How would they take it when they opened their newspapers and read the appearance of Lord Yorke Auchester, cousin of the Duke of Rothbury, in a debtors' court in the City? Lord Eustace, who was always talking of his nerves, would have a fit.

Now, most men would have gone to a lawyer, but Yorke knew that it would be of little or no use troubling a lawyer with this business. What was wanted was money, and no lawyer would lend it to him without security; and as for security—why, there was already a man in possession of the few things he owned in this transitory world!

Fleming knocked at the door, and in answer to a cool "Come in," entered.

"Did you ring, my lord?" he said.

"You know I didn't," said Yorke. "What is it? You look upset, Fleming," and he smiled the smile which is not good to see on the lips of any man, young or old, common or gentle.

"Beg pardon, my lord," said Fleming, who was genuinely attached to his master, and who had watched the change in him with sincere grief and regret, "but I thought you would want to send me somewhere, perhaps."

His lordship smiled.

"The best thing I could do for you would be to send you about your business," he said.

"Oh, don't say that, my lord," remonstrated Fleming. "I'm—I'm afraid something is wrong, my lord."

"Yes," said Yorke, grimly, "something is very much wrong, Fleming. The fact is, I am up a tree: cleaned out and ruined."

"Ruined!"

"That's it," assented Yorke coolly. "I have been hard up once or twice before, you know that, Fleming——"

"Oh, yes, my lord."

"But this is the finale, the climax, the wind-up. But don't let me stand in your light. Look here, you have been a deuced good servant—yes, and friend to me, and as it won't do you any good to be mixed up in this beastly mess, you had better go at once. Lord Vinson has often told me that if I wanted to get rid of you he'd be glad to take you on; so you go to him—I'll give you a letter, and——"

For the first time in his exemplary life Fleming was guilty of vulgar language. "I'm darned if I do!" he said. "I beg your pardon, my lord, I humbly beg your pardon; but I'm not that kind of man, I'm not indeed," and there was something very much like water in the honest fellow's eyes. "I shouldn't think of leaving your lordship while you were up a tree, as your lordship puts it. I should never look myself in the face again. I'm much obliged to Lord Vinson: but no, my lord, I'm not the man to desert a good and kind master in misfortune. I beg your lordship's pardon, but I thought——" He hesitated respectfully.

"Think away," said Yorke, lighting another cigar and tilting his chair, "perhaps your thinking will be more valuable than mine. I've been thinking, and I can see no way out of the mess."

"The—the duke, my lord," suggested Fleming. "I'm sure he——"

"So am I, Fleming, but the duke has left for the Continent, and I don't know where he has gone, and this paper says that I've got to show up at the Court in the City at once."

"And it will all be in the newspapers," said Fleming, aghast. To be "in the newspapers" was the direst disgrace and calamity in the eyes of that worthy man.

"Just so," said Yorke, knocking the ash off his cigar. "You see, Fleming, I am in a hole out of which it is impossible to pull me. Never you mind; after all it doesn't matter——"

"Doesn't matter, my lord!" echoed Fleming, aghast. "You!—you are well known to—to appear in court——"

"And get six months—is it six months or six weeks? I don't know. I don't know anything; but I suppose I shall, and pretty quickly. Never mind. Look here, see that man in the next room has all he wants——"

"Oh, he's all right, my lord," said Fleming, with a touch of impatience. "All he wants is beer, and I've given him half-a-dozen bottles already."

Yorke laughed and leant back in the chair. "All right; bring my letters that come. I should like to know the worst."

Fleming went out, but appeared again in a few minutes.

"Will you want me for half an hour or three-quarters, my lord?" he said, in a thoughtful troubled kind of way.

"No. Going after that place, Fleming? Better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWER MAKING IN PARIS.—The manufacture of flowers and also of feathers for millinery purposes in France is a family affair. One family devotes itself to the making of roses and does nothing else. The man and his wife are equal partners, and the children, and sometimes young relatives, who come up from the country for that purpose, assist in the work.

Notwithstanding that France furnishes the largest proportion of these goods for the world, there is not within its limits what is known as a manufactory for making them. Each worker is a specialist, and those who work with him are individually interested in the work. Nothing is scamped or slurred.

The prices which these flower-making families are able to command for their goods depend upon the originality and creative ability displayed, whether it is roses or orchids, pansies or dahlias that they make.

By the way, it is usually the women who furnish the original ideas, for it in no way interferes with a woman's profession, but rather increases her desire and opportunity for pursuing it. Among the flower makers the commercial part of the business is undertaken by the men.

THEM DUN DONE FOR.—A gentleman has just died in Paris who owed most of his celebrity to the quaint manner in which he managed to disembarrass himself of his creditors. No sooner did a dun present himself than he was ushered into a room hung round with a variety of mirrors, some convex, others concave, &c. In one the unfortunate creditor beheld himself with a head as flat as a flounder; in another his features were nearly as sharp as a knife; in a third he had several heads; in a fourth he was upside-down. Here he had the broad grin of a clown, there the long-drawn visage of an undertaker. On one side of the room he saw himself all head and no body, on the other side it seemed as if a dwarf had put on the boots of a giant. No applicant, however pressing, was known to resist this chamber of horrors for more than a quarter of an hour.

"I've heard ministers make some pretty bad breaks," said a friend, the other day, "but I never heard a much worse one than an old fellow up in Vermont somewhere, who was attending the funeral of a parishioner. He wanted to say something uncommonly moving and melting; something that would bring out the handkerchiefs. And he said: 'Dear friends, you all know how many and many a time I have dandled the corpse upon my knees!'"

MRS. WICKWIRE—"I can give you some cold victuals, but no coffee. We only cook once a day in this weather." Hungry Higgins (in disgust)—"Only once a day! Well, some people is too lazy for any use."

SOLITUDE.

BY SUSANNA J.

Sweet pensive spirit, wandering afar,
Hiding thy beauty in the leafy wood,
Flinging thy blessings from the evening star,
Kind angel-comforter and chiefest good
Of those who pine for dear ones far away,
Of those who mourn Life's golden lustre faded,
At morn or even, wheresoe'er they stray,
They love to be by thy soft wing o'ershaded.
For where strange faces crowd about our way
The waiting, hoping heart turns sick and jaded,
Longing to taste the crystal streams that flow,
Cooling and fresh, unseen of mortal eyes,
From sources that the world can never know,
Because with thee, sweet Solitude, they arise!

"War Eagle."

BY J. CAMPBELL.

"COMANCHES," said Ad Anderson—"Comanches, as I'm a living sinner;" and he pulled his horse up sharp. "There's a pettin' big crowd of 'em too," he added, after a moment. "We're in for it this time, sure."

There were six of us together on the prairies about twenty-five miles from the Nueces, in Western Texas. There were my chum Tom Jones and myself; and Ad Anderson and his nephew Billy, a youngster of fourteen; and the two Arend brothers.

These last two we hardly knew, for they were strangers to the rest of us, being Pennsylvania Dutch, I fancy, or something of that sort, who had come out to Texas to look for a place to settle.

Ad Anderson and the rest of us were working as cowboys on the Santa Cruz ranch, and had come out across the Nueces to gather cattle.

The Arends had happened along at the ranch the night before, and had joined us in the morning, saying they were going our way.

They had each of them a good Warner carbine and a belt full of cartridges; but the way they handled them and the way they sat on their horses hadn't given us Texans much confidence.

Now, when a swarm of mounted men appeared suddenly over a rise six hundred yards away, and they heard Ad Anderson say "Comanches," they didn't stand, or ask what to do, or say a thing, but they just turned their horses' heads and put for the Nueces for all that was out.

And that wasn't the worst of it, for the moment they started, Billy the boy, who was riding War Eagle, the racehorse of the ranch, turned him for the home too, gave him his head, and commenced to throw the whip to him, as if he was finishing a race on the track.

But Ad Anderson knew what he was about every time. The minute Billy wheeled and ran, Ad Anderson struck the spurs into his pony—and it was no slouch of a pony he was riding either—and he was up and alongside of Billy before War Eagle was fairly into his stride. "Chuck that whip, Billy," he shouted, raising his right hand with the quirt in it as if to hit him—"chuck it, or I'll knock you off that horse."

Billy turned his white face to Ad: he was sitting back in the saddle and slashing War Eagle down the shoulders with a stinging raw hide; but he obeyed Ad; and at the word, he loosed the loop off his wrist and flung the raw hide clean away.

"Now pull that horse down to a lope,' said Ad. "You mind me, d'ye hear? Steady there, steady."

Ad was a man that almost everybody minded when he spoke in earnest. He had been a captain in a regiment in Hood's brigade during the war, and I reckon he hadn't been the worst captain they had.

It was no easy task for Billy to get War Eagle steadied, for he was running on twenty-one feet and picking it up; but both he and the horse minded Ad's voice, and he got him down to a strong lope presently.

Meantime, Tom Jones and I were loping along behind them at a very tidy clatter. We reached down as soon as we started, and pulled our carbines out of the leather cases in which we carried them slung between the off stirrup leather and the horse's side. Tom had a Spencer cavalry carbine, a seven-shooter, and a right good one too. I had only an old Wesson rifle.

We had beautiful ground to run on just here, for we were on a wagon trail from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, which crossed a high wide upland, bare of timber.

As we looked back over our shoulders, we could see the Indians spread out like a pack of hounds on both sides of the trail and coming after us on the keen jump. There must have been above thirty of them, and we could hear the hi-hi-hi-yas of their yells ringing shrill down the breeze.

The Arends were away ahead of us already.

Ad hollooed to them to hold up and keep cool as soon as had got Billy to drop his whip and check his horse; but they never took any notice of what he said.

"You'll kill your horses," we could hear him shout to them, "running like that! There's twenty miles to go, and you've got to save 'em. Take it easy, I tell you. Pull 'em in."

I said most men naturally did what Ad told them. There was a ring in his voice and a cool confident manner about him that made it seem a matter of course to do what he said. But those two poor fools didn't feel it so. I suppose they were just crazy with fear, and the harder they ran the more crazy they made themselves.

At anyrate they took no head of him, but went on whipping their horses and galloping as fast as they could lay leg to the ground. In five minutes they were clear out of sight over a rise.

Tom and I now laid close up behind Ad and Billy, our horses all going strong; the leading Indians were some three hundred yards behind.

"Shall I try a belt at them without stopping? said Tom to Ad. "I could maybe give one of 'em a scare."

"No; not yet," answered Ad; "it'll only make War Eagle fight for his head worse to hear you shoot; and we can't afford to waste no cartridges neither. There's a steep bank to go down about two miles ahead, If they don't crowd us too hard till then, we'll stop a minute there to blow our horses and give 'em a rattle."

But the leading Indians flogged their warponies to a racing speed and closed on us fast. Two or three of them began to shoot and we heard the ping of their bullets flying past us. Luckily, Indians are for the most part poor shots with a rifle on horseback, and we were none of us touched.

"Give 'em a turn, Tom," said Ad. "Aim low."

And at the word Tom Jones dropped his rein on his horse's neck and twisting his body round in the saddle, fired straight behind him. Bang!

"Rick off the ground," he announced triumphantly; "one of them ponies is mighty sick. I aimed low, as you told me, Cap."

His bullet had struck the ground well in front of the Indians, and rising from the graze, had hit one of their ponies, which instantly fell to the rear. As he fired, each one of the leading Indians had dropped over the right-hand side of his horse and wheeled slightly to the right, thus covering his body.

The effect was like the scattering of a covey of partridges when a hawk makes a swoop on them, and we gained a little distance by this manœuvre. But a lot of them began to edge off more to the right, trying to draw up parallel to us on that side, which would enable them to use their rifles with more effect and be equally inconvenient for us.

Before they could succeed in doing so, however, the wished-for bank was near. It was a place where the whole width of the high prairie broke away steeply for about two hundred yards down to a lower level.

Ad turned in his saddle and took a look at the Indians.

"Billy," said he, "the moment we're over the edge, you slip off and hold War Eagle and my horse, and I'll hold the other two. Mind you don't let 'em slip, now. Hang on to 'em like grim death." Then he added to Tom and me: "Jump off, you boys, as soon as you're over the edge, and chuck me your reins. I'll hold your horses, and give 'em what for."

Almost as he ended we were at the edge of the slope and over it, and we all leaped off together. Throwing our reins to Ad, Tom and I knelt just under cover of the brow of the hill and opened fire.

The Indians were within a hundred yards; but at first shots they ducked behind their horses and turned away to right and left, streaming off in both directions, instead of charging right down on us.

Indians hardly ever do charge straight in on men standing at bay. I loaded and fired my single-shooter as fast as I could finger the cartridges; but I heard Tom's repeater go bang, bang, bang! and I heard Ad's warning voice saying, "Steady, Tom, steady: you're shooting behind 'em. Take that white horse now, and aim a good length in front. That's one of their chiefs, I reckon."

Ad was standing behind us a foot or two lower down the hill with the horses behind him again, so that they were quite covered by the hill from the chance bullets; but he himself standing upright was able to see over our heads where we were firing.

I looked round for an instant to Tom's side of the fight while my fingers were stuffing a fresh cartridge into the gun and closing the breech.

Bang went the Spencer again, and down came the white horse like a shot rabbit and rolled over his rider.

Instantly two other Indians dashed up to the fallen man, and leaning down from their saddles without dismounting, they swung him up between them, and so across the withers of the horse of one of them, and bore him out of his fray.

"Mind your side, Dick!" shouted Ad to me—"mind that chap. Stop him if you can;" and looking to my own side, I saw the leading Indian was urging his horse to go down over the brow some two hundred yards away, with the view of getting behind us in the broken ground on that part of the slope.

I brought my rifle instantly to the shoulder and was taking aim, when Ad called out:

"Raise your sight, Dick, or draw a very full bead: you've got the hundred yards sight up."

I drew a full bead, and missed.

"Too low, much," said Ad; "you want to allow more than that.—Now come on, boys," he added; "let's scoot before they can bushwhack us among this broken ground."

We sprang on to our horses again and hurried to the foot of the hill. We had an advantage over the Indians in having the wagon trail to follow. It led down the easiest grade, and was comparatively smooth.

Some of their bullets whistled past us as we ran; however, none of our horses seemed to flinch, and no rider was hit. We got away from that hill quite four hundred yards ahead of our foes.

"Choked 'em off that time," said Ad. "That touching up did 'em good: they won't crowd on us in the open, I reckon, quite so quick. It's that belt of timber along Jack Creek, though, that I'm thinking of now. If they was to get into that before us, it's U P."

Our horses were much refreshed by the short breathing spell we had given them, and we dashed ahead at three-quarter speed.

The Indians came on behind us at a steady untiring gait. They seemed much less eager, though, to close on us now. Our spirits rose.

"How're ye Billy?" said Ad. "How d'ye like being shot at, eh? Are you sure you didn't bob your head when you heard bullets whizzing over?"

"Nary bob," said Billy with a grin. His color had come back, and he looked himself again. "I was too busy hanging on to War Eagle," he continued; "but I stayed right with him, as ye told me."

Ere long we came in sight of two objects ahead of us in the road.

"Boys," said Ad, turning to us, "here's them two Dutchmen on in front, and you can lay that their horses is plumb give out. I'm sorry, but I don't know what we can do for 'em."

We gained on them rapidly, and soon we could see the rise and fall of their arms as they mechanically flogged their exhausted animals. Presently we drew up alongside of them, but they took no notice of us.

Their horses' heads hung down, and they were reduced to a walk. The faces of the riders were set: they looked straight before them, and seemed to see nothing. It was the Shadow of Death they were looking at.

"Hullo! rouse up, you fellers," said Tom to them, springing off his horse. "You'd better jump off and make play with them new carbines, if you don't want the Comanches to get your hair."

They did not appear to hear him, but pressed on and left us. I was holding Tom's horse while he knelt down and opened a rapid fire once more on the advancing redskins.

I gave Ad my rifle and belt, and he tossed his reins to me and joining Tom, fired a couple of careful shots, and dropped an Indian.

The Indians fell back again to a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and seemed to deliberate a minute. Then they dashed forward again hot-foot, trying to pass us on the right as before, though keeping at a respectful distance.

"They've spotted the timber on Jack Creek and they're making for it," cried Ad, leaping on his horse and returning me my rifle. "Boys, we must ride for it now. If they head us there, there won't one of us get home;" and he dashed forward at a tremendous speed.

In a moment we were up to the Arends again; they were flogging still, with set faces pressing on to the goal they were never to reach.

"Jump off your horses and lay down and shoot," shouted Tom as we passed them; "that's your only chance."

But his words went by them like the idle wind. Fear had paralyzed them. Half a minute later the Indians were upon them; they were struck to the ground unresisting, and the horrid yells of the savages rang their death-knell.

A dozen of the fiends were hacking and mutilating the bodies of their victims beyond recognition. Tom swung himself round in his saddle and fired a long shot at them as they were bunched together.

"No use," said Ad, "nothing can help those chaps now. Ride, boys, if ever you did in your lives."

Our gallant horses answered gamely to the spur. Fully half the band of the Indians were now quite abreast of us to our right, too far to shoot, indeed, with any effect, but racing for the line of timber, that showed up hardly a mile away. If they could reach it before us and beset our road through it, we must certainly perish.

White men are no match for Indians in brush, especially when out-numbered five to one. Ad's horse and Tom's and mine were doing their very best, and could do no more; but War Eagle, thanks to his racehorse blood and his light rider, was going well within himself, and quite equal to a dash.

Three of the best-mounted Indians had drawn considerably ahead of the others, and were now working in to get the place where the trail we were following entered the timber in front of us. If they reached it and delayed us there one minute, we were done for.

Ad drew out his pistol and handed it to his nephew.

"Billy," said he, "we've got to head them Indians away from the trail through the timber, or they'll check us there, and we'll have the whole billin' on us before you can say, "Knife." War Eagle's still fresh, but our horses can't do more than they're doing. You take this pistol and run War Eagle up level with them and fire at them, so as to make them keep wide. Stick to the trail; don't follow 'em; just fend 'em off. Shoot for the leading horse every time, and shoot well ahead of him. Now show your nerve. Remember we're behind you. If they come at you, pull up short, and we'll be alongside of you before they can get at you."

Billy's face went a bit whiter again; but he was game. He shut his lips tight, and took the pistol and dug his heels into War Eagle, and left us three as if we had been standing still.

In just no time he was a hundred yards ahead of us and abreast of those three Indians, and we saw him raise his right hand and pop went the pistol.

We saw the dust fly up where the bullet struck the prairie; but the Indians still held on their course. They did not back at him, for the knowledge that we were so near, I fancy, made them afraid to empty their guns at the boy.

We looked for him to shoot again; but the spring of Ad's pistol was strong for Billy to cock it with one hand, and we saw him lower it to his left hand to get a purchase.

Then up it came again, popped again, and again the puff of dust showed where the ball harmlessly sturck the ground.

"I had ought to have taught him better than that," observed Ad; "and if I have him with me long, I will, sure. But he's got grit, anyhow," he added as Billy, undismayed by his failures, raised the pistol the third time and missed again.

After all, the Indians were eighty or a hundred yards away from him, a tremendous range for a pistol, and shooting off a horse on the run isn't so easy as it looks in a circus.

Once more Billy raised his weapon and popped, and then we all shouted for joy. The leading Indian pony stumbled, and blundering almost on to his nose, came to a halt. His rider lit on the ground on his feet, and instantly levelling his piece, fired at Billy. The boy gave a cry and dropped the pistol; but he didn't fall off War Eagle, who went right on to the timber.

In five seconds more we were up to the spot where he had dropped it. Ad reached down from his saddle, and snatching it off the ground, held on after Billy

Tom jerked his horse to a dead stop and leaped off.

The dismounted Indian ran behind his horse, which was standing still, for shelter; but his legs showed underneath, and Tom hit him fair in the knees and doubled him like a jack-knife. It was a neat shot. Then he fired three more shots at the two others, missing them, for all we could see, but it turned them off our line.

Tom sprang on again, and we loped after Ad and the boy. We caught them up just inside the timber, Billy looking rather white and shaky with the pain, but he smiled at us.

"Come on!" said Ad—"come on, boys; we must get out of this. Billy'll do. The arm ain't broken—only an ugly flesh-wound, and he bears it like a little johnman.—Don't you be scared, Billy. If you get sick, I'll ride War Eagle and tote you. He can carry double."

We followed the pair as fast as we could go. We could hear the yells of the Indians to our right in the timber, though we could no longer see them; but we had the advantage of the wagon trail to travel on, and went considerably faster than they could travel through the brush.

Presently we came to Jack Creek and crossed it; there was no water in its bed. We continued to gallop through the timber on the other side of it, and came out again on the prairie beyond, and had gone four hundred yards in the open before our enemies emerged behind us.

"Jump off, boys," said Ad, "and send 'em word we're here.—Billy, you stay on your horse."

We three leaped to the ground, and Tom and I opened fire again; but the Indians kept dodging in and out of the edge of the timber, and we couldn't see if we did any damage. They fired back at us; but the range was too far for the rifles they carried—at least they didn't hit us.

"Now, come on again," said Ad; "just jog, so as to show them we ain't afraid. They've got a sickener, I reckon. I wish we could meet a good party of the boys from the ranch, we'd whoop 'em back again to where we found 'em."

We were only seven or eight miles away from home now, and there was a chance of such a thing happening, though it didn't come off; but, as Ad reckoned, the Indians had had enough of it. It is wonderful how a firm stand discourages them.

Perhaps they had lost their chief. Anyhow, they retired, doubtless to gloat over the corpses of the two poor men they had murdered, and left us to make our way to the ranch unmolested. Billy didn't faint on the road; but he was most uncommonly glad to get in and rest his arm and have it dressed. He was a healthy youngster, and it healed up in three weeks.

The day after the fight, a good crowd of us well armed went out and buried the bodies of the two Arends. We found three war ponies that had been killed or crippled by our bullets. Of course the Indians had carried off their dead, if there were any, of which we had no proof, though we knew some of them were hard hit.

Their giving up the chase so soon looked as if they had lost some warriors. They don't care to fight so much unless they can get you at a disadvantage. Billy didn't go with us to the burying, as he had to stay at home and nurse his arm. Also, he was young, and Ad didn't want him to see the hideous work Indians make of the bodies of white men they kill. But for all that, Billy heard some of the men telling about it when they came back, and we saw his eyes glisten.

"Billy," said Ad, "if you'd stampeded with them poor fellers as you started to do, you'd have run War Eagle to a standstill in five miles, and you'd be lying out there now carved up like them. But you obeyed orders and kept your nerve; and from this out we'll have to reckon you as a man in an Indian fight."

Billy was pleased.

EDUCATION.—Education, in its broadest sense, may be divided into two parts—that which we receive from external influence and that which is gained from what goes on within us. Without the latter, of course the former would be as useless as food without the process of digestion. But, while all the civilized world is anxiously engaged in providing for the former, but little comparative attention is paid to the latter. Schools, teachers, books, parental influence, associates—all that can act upon the child from without—are rightly the objects of close attention and watchful care by conscientious educators. But we have yet much to learn of the more delicate and difficult task of training the mind itself to respond to these influences, to assimilate into its own being the knowledge, principles, and strength thus offered; in a word, to digest its proper food.

DOGS AS ANIMALS OF DRAUGHT.

A curious sight might have been witnessed on the Holyhead road, between London and Brickhills, in the old coaching days. On a diminutive waggon, consisting of nothing but a board, though fitted with springs, lamps and all necessary appliances, sat a character known as "Old Sol," a legless man, urging on a team of three foxhounds harnessed abreast.

His dog were well matched in size and pace, cleverly harnessed, and they dashed by coaches at the really extraordinary speed of twelve miles an hour.

For years the old sportsman was one of the recognized sights of the Holyhead road, and when he disappeared his end was sad. He was found dead near a hedge, his waggon being stuck fast between two fir trees. The dogs had, of course, bolted.

Since those days the use of dogs as animals of draught has been prohibited, though not totally until so recently as the year 1855. In the previous session the House of Lords bent its collective wisdom to the repeated consideration of the subject.

It was argued, on the one hand, that the vehicles drawn by dogs were a nuisance and a danger, which is quite characteristically vague; that they lead to obstruction and loss of life; that the treatment of the dogs often brought on a species of madness; and that horses were constantly startled and frightened.

One peer added that the feet of dogs were not fitted to run on hard roads, and the omniscient Brougham said that "every one knew" the natural position of a dog was to stand on its toes, and that to put a collar on its neck, harness on its back, and weight on its loins was virtually to force it from that position.

Against these not very convincing arguments the other side made a poor show. They brought forward the opinion of a learned scientist that use would harden the feet; they scoffed at the idea of danger: they pointed to other countries where dogs are used for purposes of draught; they urged that they could not legislate against everything which frightened horses. All this they did, afterwards attempting to touch the chord of sympathy.

The effect of prohibiting the use of such animals would be to make many persons—1,500 in Sussex and Hampshire alone—lose their means of livelihood, and to sign the death warrant of between 20,000 and 30,000 dogs. However, the clause was passed, and since the beginning of 1855 the use of our four-footed friends in place of horses on public highways has consequently been illegal. Dogs are nevertheless, sometimes "worked."

A gentleman was summoned at a watering place recently for allowing a fine animal of the German boarhound breed, weighing about twelve stone, to draw a "mail cart" containing a little child. It was clear that the noble brute enjoyed this task; but the summons was dismissed only on the understanding that "it must not occur again!"

A newspaper paragraph of about three years back, recording that M. Nanet travelled from Paris to Brussels in a tiny phaeton drawn by a pair of dogs, doubtless reminded many people that the canine race is still largely utilised in other countries for draught.

Such is the case in some parts of France, as also in Newfoundland and other northern countries. Then, again, what is more familiar to the schoolboy intelligence than the picture of the Eskimo careering over the snow in his dog-drawn sledge? Professor Owen found in this fact an illustration of a beautiful provision of nature, by which a carnivorous animal serves man where a herbivorous one could not exist.

We find dogs employed for draught everywhere in Holland and Belgium. They assist to draw boats on the canals; they pull along a greengrocer's cart at a smart canter, without being urged either by whip or spur; and every visitor to Amsterdam or Antwerp has seen them bring in milk in the morning, after a journey of nine miles, have a feed and a sleep, and trot home again in the afternoon with the light cans.

A good many authorities might be cited for and against the system in force throughout the Low Countries, but it is hardly necessary to do so, since the reader can see the advantages and disadvantages of it curiously illustrated in Ouida's "Dogs of Flanders."

Of course, draught dogs differ considerably. Those employed in England were mostly of collie breed, though, like Manx cats, they had no tails worth speaking of. They were so powerful that they could draw two or three hundredweight with ease, and were of great assistance to small agriculturalists in taking their products to market.

The Belgian animals are bull mastiffs, weighing 150 to 200 pounds, and standing from eighteen inches to two and a half feet high. Eskimo dogs bear a strong resemblance to the wolf, and are not unlike our Pomeranians.

THE CHINESE CUISINE.—The shark's fin is a delicacy which is rarely omitted from the menu of a Chinese feast. It is one of the "great classic dishes" forming the pieces de resistence of an official banquet, and is eaten either in the form of a joint, garnished with crabs, or served up in small pieces in cups placed before each guest.

The consumption of rats, though it seems to be somewhat on the decline, is the cause of a very important traffic in the principal towns of certain districts, and especially in a street in Canton called Hing-Loung-Kai.

Here these animals may be seen in enormous multitudes hanging up in the shop windows amongst chickens and ducks and geese.

They are for the most part dried and salted, and when in that state are esteemed a sovereign recipe for those whose hair is getting thin.

Besides the dishes peculiar to the Celestials alone, there is a variety of differences in their mode of cooking and eating food unknown to our cuisine.

Hams, for instance, are kept for a year, or even two years, buried in heaps of sawdust, which imparts to them a taste of wood much appreciated by the gourmets.

Broad beans are fermented, and, after being mixed with salt, form a very favorite sauce eaten with all sorts of viands. Finally, the habit of eating "rotten eggs," which sounds so strange to European ears, is explained by showing that the so-called rotten egg is only a duck's egg preserved for a long time in an air-tight envelope made of ashes, chalk, tea-leaves, and a number of other strange substances, until the yolk turns first to a green color, and then to a fine black, when it is considered fit to be eaten.

EQUANIMITY.—Equanimity or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to betoken somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to the stirring concerns of life, to its hopes and fears, its longings and terrors, its aspirations and enthusiasms. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives ways to outbreaks of any kind, simply because it is too dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equanimity as the silence of sleep differs from the silence of intense watchfulness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism, which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the toning down of all vivacity, the suppression of all impulse, the deadening of emotion. True equanimity, so far from being any such weak and puerile negation as this, is, in fact, the fruit of combined forces. Earnest desires controlled by a strong will, powerful passions curbed by intrepid resolution, ardent enthusiasm guided by firm wisdom, manly energy steadied by a resolute purpose, warm impulses directed by unwavering principles—these are the materials out of which an equanimity worthy of the name is fashioned.

THE WORSHIP OF THE DRUM.—A writer in a contemporary speaks of the extensive prevalence at one time of the worship of the drum or rattle. Savage peoples have a singular tendency to venerate whatever makes a noise. The great seat of drum-worship was South America. Even at the present day it is to be found in full vitality in the interior of Brazil; but a hundred years ago it could be said that "the drum was the only object of worship from the Orinoco to the La Plata." This is two-thirds of South America, and, as it is more than probable that Patagonia should be added too, this would make the area of the practice nearly co-equal with that of the continent. In former times drum-worship also prevailed in Lapland.

Fanny: "Why are you crying, love? I should think you would be very happy engaged to such a nice young man as he is!" Annie: "O, I'm afraid he won't be true to me!" "Why, he's very, very good, isn't he?" "Yes, but I'm afraid he's too good to be true!"

Scientific and Useful.

MAGIC MIRRORS.—An exhibition, called the "Magic Maze of Mirrors," has sprung up in London. As the visitor enters the door he sees a crowd beckoning him from a hundred different angles—an effect produced by one stuffed image.

OYSTERS.—Oyster-spawn when thrown off by the mother soon seeks some clean shell or gravel on which to fasten or "set." This is why new ground for oysters needs to be covered with clean shells or stones. Oyster-spawn will not "set" on muddy, dirty or greasy matter, even if on shells. Hence shells are much in demand for preparing new ground.

A SAFETY STRAP.—A belt or strap for traveling bags and satchels which cannot be cut by a thief is out. It consists of two bands of leather sewn together at the margins over two thin slips of steel-like crinoline spring, but only 3 millimetres wide and half a millimetre thick. The steel not only arrests the knife of a thief but also warns the wearer of the strap.

VOICES TO ORDER.—A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to supply artificial voices to persons who have been deprived of the ones nature gave them, and certain cases exist where the cavity has been opened, and a larynx made of a suitable material with rubber membranes has been inserted and become practical useful in speech.

ELEPHANT LEATHER.—We are now tanning elephant hides by steeping them in a bath similar to that used for cow hide, but extending the time of exposure to six months. The leather is 1½ inch thick, and is made into floor-mats, pocket-books, satchels, card-cases, and so on; but it is very expensive, a small case costing from $20 to $100.

HINTS.—To relieve casks from mustiness, burn a little sulphur in the empty cask's bung, and let them stand for a day. Alum and plaster of paris, well mixed in water and used as a thick cream, form a hard composition and also a useful cement.

If steel be left long in the fire, it will lose its steely nature and grain and assume the nature of cast-iron. Steel should never be kept hot any longer than is necessary for the work to be done.

Farm and Garden.

CLOVER.—If you have no clover pasture for your hogs—turn them into a clean lot and out rye, oats and green corn for them.

WEEDS.—When the weeds seem to resist all attempts at their destruction, plow the land and sow thickly to fillet or Hungarian grass.

THE GARDEN.—It is a good plan to put the hen with a brood of chickens in the garden, confining the hen in a coop; the chickens will destroy many insects.

BROOD MARES.—Keep the best fillies for brood mares, selling the geldings. By so doing, and mating with the best horses of their kind, you surely and steadily improve your horse stock.

TEMPERATURE.—The fluctuations of temperature are much greater in fallow-land than in fields under crop. The amount of moisture is higher in the former even if frequently turned over.

DEHORNING.—A cattleman claims that sawing off the horns of cattle renders them more peaceable. The cattle, if given a chance, would probably urge chopping of the arms of cattlemen for much the same reason.

HEDGES.—The balsam fir usually loses its beauty earlier than the Norway spruce, especially in bleak spots, or poor soil. It must be pruned to a conical form, which indeed is essential in almost all cases of successful hedge making.

FARM HORSES.—It is a good practice to be observed with the farm horses to turn them loose in the pasture when not in use for a day or so, and it will not harm them to be out at nights. Freedom of limb and pure air to breathe are worth something.

ROOFING.—As the country becomes older the use of straw or wooden shingles as roofing material gives way to more substantial ways of resisting the elements. Tile and iron are good, but not good enough for this progressive age. Steel is already entering largely into the construction of buildings. Those who cannot frame their buildings of steel may cover them with it.

IT IS WELL to get clear of a Cold the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

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The Ethics of Pride.

Of the seven deadly sins, perhaps the most universal is pride. It has been called the child of ignorance; and as ignorance walks always in darkness, and therefore in danger, the probability of pride getting a fall is proverbial.

It is wonderful on how small an amount of sustenance pride often subsists, how infinitesimal is its tap-root. Like the old lady who mended stockings with such perennial assiduity that at last she darned upon nothing as a substratum; so those who have little or nothing to be proud of in their lives lay a substratum of pride, and proceed to be proud—of being proud.

But although every one allows pride to be a sin, and a deadly one, very few will be found to resent the imputation of indulging in it.

Why is this? Perhaps few allow it as the offspring of ignorance, yielding it a more powerful parentage. And as the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, they perhaps regard his especial vice as, at least, a gentlemanly one.

Certain it is that pride has a profound fascination for two classes of minds: for those, namely, who are deficient in courage and in judgment.

Those who are deficient in courage admire the audacity that dares to be proud and show its pride; while those who are deficient in judgment imagine a proud man conscious of his intrinsic worth, and therefore proud of it.

This of course is an error of judgment; for oftentimes the really mean man, the man conscious of his own meanness, assumes the port and armor of pride just to conceal the feebleness of his deservings.

Moreover, proud men, men of whom it might well be asked, why, in the name of glory, they were proud, have been known to plan and execute the most treacherous, mean and cowardly murders, in order to prevent a member of their family forming an alliance distasteful to their family pride.

Pride and meanness but too often go hand in hand; and the man who for long years has had a subordinate place, has been compelled to yield precedence, and if he has been mean as well as proud, has been a sycophant as well as a subordinate, will, when opportunity offers, take a prideful revenge on those whom he has formerly flattered.

Pride is of many species, and betrays itself, or exposes itself, or fantastically disports itself, in a thousand protean shapes.

Now it pours transparent contempt on that which secretly it covets. Or it exposes itself to a pitying derision, when, as in the apologue of the cobbler's dog, it prefers to be crushed rather than move out of the way.

Or it fantastically disports itself, adorned with infinite pains and trouble, in the latest fashion, to "astonish the Browns," or win a stare from a casual passer in the Park; and flatters itself that, like Mr. Bob Cratchit, junior, it "is not pride, although his collars nearly choke him."

Some are proud of their diamonds; yet, if the deeds that have darkened the struggle for their possession could be written legibly on their facets, their owners would shrink from them with horror.

Have not the finest and largest been the incentives to the vilest crimes? Eyes that have gloated on them in Eastern lands have been torn from their sockets by rapacious wretches eager to obtain a transitory possession of the enthralling baubles; while in Europe, a Countess, subdued by the fascination of their glitter, has stolen them, hoarded them for years, to wear them for one evening, have her guilt detected, and die, a broken-hearted exile from her native land, leaving a legacy of shame to her children's children.

In short, if they were but as ugly as they are intrinsically useless, or if their power to awaken evil passions were only as patent in its effects as are those of other stimulants to vanity and self-love, instead of being sources of pride, they would be no more regarded than the carbon of which they are composed.

There are many too proud to wait on themselves, who nourish a Spanish pride in laziness, to whom "anything menial"—that is, done with the hands—is anathema maranatha; and again there are others too proud willingly to let others do for them what they can do for themselves.

To these last, the weakness of disease or of old age is a very bitter draught; so bitter, that here and there one will throw aside the cup of life altogether rather than submit—not to weariness and pain so much as to the sense of personal humiliation and degradation.

How many a man, alone, aged and infirm, has had the thought to which Carlyle in his lonely old age gave utterance: "What I want is a mother!"

To no one else but to the one whose arms cradled him in infancy could the once strong, proud man, the now weak but still proud man, confide the bitterness of his old age and infirmities.

Pride of birth and of blood, when a race is renowned for virtue as well as antiquity, is a pride few will quarrel with; nevertheless, it behooves one endowed with such advantages to beware that he is not remarked for his degeneracy.

Pride of intellect, too, is one freely admitted, perhaps because all know the brittleness of the foundation; a fever, an accident, a knock on the head even, and the towering intellect is on a level with the lowest.

It is, moreover, the use that has been made of the power in its strength that entitles a man of genius to the consideration of his fellow-men.

But if pride of laziness be ignoble, and pride of wealth be, as Dr. Johnson called it, "a wretched thing," and pride in trifles—such as Cardinal Chigi's pride in making a pen last three years—be trivial, there is another kind of pride that is neither ignoble, nor wretched, nor trivial, and this is the pride of usefulness.

It is not so much a question whether the thing to be done is a great thing; it does not fall to the lot of many of us to do great things, perhaps; it may be only a rick to be thatched; it may be a great business to be successfully carried on. But whatever it is, if good true work be put in it, a man has a right to be proud, modestly proud of it; and if it be successful, he has a right to the self-reliance, the self-confidence, which are the legitimate fruits of his exertions.

This noble pride is the twin-brother of Self-respect; it will never permit him to be arrogant to a subordinate, still less will it allow him to think unfairly or ungenerously of one above him; for by so doing he would spoil his nobler soul.

This is the pride that will not allow a man to tell or act a lie; to slander, nor listen to a backbiter.

NATURE never gives to a living thing capacities not particularly meant for its benefit and use. If Nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all we know of kindness and goodness and tenderness on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive a Being must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie.

GOODNESS answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

IT is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

IN Nature there is no dirt, everything is in the right condition; the swamp and the worm, as well as the grass and the bird,—all is there for itself. Only because we think that all things have a relation to us, do they appear justifiable or otherwise.

WHEN the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, or when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.

THE truly great man is he who does not lose his child heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his actions shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

COMMONPLACE though it may appear, this doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life and character. There may be nothing heroic about it, but the common lot of men is not heroic.

THE higher must always come through the loss and death of the lower. Manhood can only be gained by the giving up of childhood. The blossom must die before there can be fruit.

THERE never was a day that did not bring its opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again. It must be improved then or never.

EVENTS are only winged shuttles which fly from one side of the loom of life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our character is made.

ONE by one the objects of our affections depart from us, but our affections remain, and, like vines, stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support.

REFLECT upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORANT.—Multiply together the length breadth, and height. For example, a room 20 feet high, 12 feet broad, and 10 feet high, would contain 2,400 cubic feet of air.

W. SMITH.—An easy way to reckon the pressure of the atmosphere at any particular spot is to remember that it comes to very nearly a ton for every square foot of surface.

READY-MONEY.—The original of the phrase "on tick," meaning credit, was "on ticket," the idea being that articles bought and not paid for at the time had to be noted on a ticket.

ARITHMICUS.—Baldness may occur at any age. It is a mistake to suppose mere weakness causes the hair to fall off. The very weak and persons suffering from the most exhaustive diseases often have long and strong hair. It is more likely that, unless there be an exceptional cause, it is something amiss with the skin which causes the baldness.

BEE.—The Quakers as a sect are by no means extinct. They have changed very much of late years, and no longer dress in a peculiar manner, or object to do as the rest of the world does in the way of amusements, music, dancing, and the like. Their religious tenets remain the same, and the dress may still be seen on the elderly people of the society.

BESSIE L.—Tell the young lady exactly what your circumstances and prospects are, and if she really loves you enough to share them with you, marry her as soon as you conveniently can. If you and she are really worth much, you will always love each other the better for having struggled and borne a little together, and in a country like this no energetic, capable man is held back in the race of life by having a good loving and sensible wife.

DEVENIS.—Jewelers mark the fineness or purity of an alloy of gold by supposing it to be divided into twenty-four equal parts called carats (the weight of four grains), its fineness being according to the number of parts of pure gold in those twenty-four parts. For instance, gold eighteen carats fine has in it eighteen parts pure gold and six parts of other metal. Jewellers usually spell this word karat, and mark gold with a K, and the figures marking the number of carats. Thus gold of eighteen carats is commonly marked K 18.

ALAN LADISLAS.—The Staked Plains are table-lands in Mexico. They received that name from the fact that a party of Mexicans traveled from Santa Fe to San Antonio many years ago and set stakes on the way to guide them back. They are not a barren desert; grass is abundant, especially the mesquite, and travelers have found wild plum-trees loaded with fruit. Buffaloes formerly grazed upon these plains, and stockmen have now an eye upon this portion of the globe hitherto supposed to be of little worth to producers.

FLO AND DOT.—Dreams arise from many causes, and have no actual meaning except they show sometimes that a person is out of health, mentally or bodily. They often arise from fatigue of all kinds, and are by no means always the result of heavy eating at night. In many cases going to bed on an empty stomach will produce far more frightful nightmares and distressing dreams than the most indigestible supper; it is all a matter of constitution and circumstance. In your case it might be well for you to consult a medical man about your health; but above all things avoid the notion that our odd sleeping fancies are "warning," or anything of that sort.

ASHTOAH.—The language of the Greeks of the present day is Romaic Greek, or, as it is now usually called, Neo-Hellenic. As to the origin of the word "Romaic," Dr. Pouqueville affords perhaps the best explanation. Children of Sparta, inhabitants of Tegea, of Athens, and of Argos, all, he tells us, are confounded under the one general name of Romei, Romans; and that name, taken from the Romans, their first conquerors, seems to have been preserved by the Musulmans, as a badge of humiliation, for, in the estimation of these barbarians, the name of Romans, or the people-king, is equivalent to that of vassal or slave. Of course there are parts of the kingdom where Albanian or Turkish is chiefly spoken; but the Romaic may be said to predominate in that which may be called Greece proper.

JARVIN.—The beard has nothing whatever to do with the baldness. The idea suggested by the question, no doubt, arises from the fact that men with plentiful beards often are more or less bald, but this is not in any way owing to the abundant growth of hair on the face having operated against that of the hair on the head. There is, unless disease exists, no such thing as baldness of the beard, simply because the hair of the beard is allowed to exist under natural, and therefore healthful conditions. No man ever thinks of covering up his beard for hours at a time with an impervious sort of box that entirely prevents light and air from getting to it. Yet this is what nearly all of us do with the hair that grows on the head, regardless of the fact that the hair is merely a plant, and, like every other plant, requires plenty of light and air if it is to flourish. The hair of the beard is not stinted in either of these vital respects, and therefore endures as long as the life of the individual, unless some unusual disease should attack it. The hair of the head is, on the other hand, covered up frequently, and for long periods, with air-tight hats, and, naturally enough, resents this treatment by falling out.

A LOVE SONG.

BY W. W. LONG.

Down yonder in the valley
The roses bloom for thee,
And up from the shady woodland
The thrush sings in ecstacy.

I love you—love you—love you,
My little sweet, alone;
And Love, the true and tender,
Will hold you ever his own.

The thrush in the greenwood singing,
The rose at the foot of the hill,
Tell the sweet old story,
In the sunset calm and still.

An Unfortunate Jest.

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY.

IT IS fifteen years since the tragic episode in my life happened which I am about to relate; and fifteen years ago I was young, thoughtless, and therefore happy.

Two years previously my father died in India, leaving me to the guardianship of his dearest friend.

I was at school in Paris when my hitherto unknown guardian, Geoffrey Dene, came to see me. He was a bachelor of grave demeanor, and forty years of age, yet nevertheless, after paying a great many visits to the pretty, piquante little school-girl, for such I am told I was, he made up his mind that the easiest way of taking care of his friend's daughter was to marry her. He proposed to me through my schoolmistress; and I, charmed at the idea of quitting the schoolroom for a house of my own, most eagerly accepted him.

The marriage took place in Paris, and, after a brief Continental tour, we came to England and settled down at Dene Hall, in Northshire.

At first all went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. I was delighted with the quaint, old-fashioned house, the home-farm, long country rides with my husband; everything.

But, alas, too soon a change came over the spirit of my dream.

I began to miss my young companions; to find country society cold and formal—my husband grave and silent.

For distraction I had long talks with the housekeeper, Mrs. Reed, and learned from her that Mr. Dene had only one living relative—the son of a cousin who had broken faith with him to marry an Italian; that he loved this young man more than anything else on earth, and was now fretting because he never heard from him, nor knew his whereabouts.

My story opens on a lovely afternoon in June.

I had wandered down the chestnut avenue, with the first real shadow of discontent creeping into my heart, and stood leaning against the low wooden gate that divided the Dene grounds from the high road.

I took no heed of the fine panorama of wood and dale and moorland, backed by the distant range of Cheviot Hills that lay before me; I was thinking solely of my grievance. I had been married to Geoffrey Dene twelve months, and though my love for him and his for me was an undoubted fact, still he made no companion of me, but treated me as though I were a child.

Only that morning he had gone from home on some electioneering business, telling me that he'd not return until next day. I had asked him to explain the business, but he said politics could not interest me; and, kissing me in his usually undemonstrative fashion, added, "Amuse yourself, my child," and rode away.

I was thinking over all this when my reverie was suddenly disturbed. Looking up, I saw on the other side of the gate a young man.

One glance at the pale, delicate features and dark, Italian eyes was sufficient; I had seen his portrait, and knew intuitively who it was, even before he raised his hat and said:

"I am Mr. Dene's cousin Cyril Donati. Surely you must be his ward, Miss Brendon?"

"I am sorry Mr. Dene is from home and does not return until to-morrow!" I exclaimed feeling it impossible to explain everything at once.

"That is not of the least consequence," said he, as we entered the gate and walked up the avenue side by side. "I can make myself perfectly at home here. So you are Mina Brendon, the 'little schoolgirl' who had been left to my cousin's care just before I had set out on my travels! I had promised I would return at the end of a year and take an interest in the estate as the prospective heir but preferred knocking about the world; and for the last twelve months have been such a wanderer that no letters reached me. Why, I did not even know that Geoffrey had taken you to live with him, or possibly——"

"A great many things may happen in twelve months, Mr. Donati. Supposing you came back to find Mr. Dene——married!"

"I could not have supposed anything half so wildly improbable as that!" he answered, with a nonchalant laugh.

"No? Perhaps you would rather your cousin did not marry?"

"Why, of course. It might make all the difference in the world to me. But I am sure that will never happen."

"Don't make so sure. Only suppose——"

"That we despatch the dog-cart to the station for my belongings, Miss Brendon," said Mr. Donati decisively, as we reached the Hall.

Of course I acquiesced; the order was given.

Then I shot a swift, side-long glance at my companion, and for a few seconds became lost in thought. A great temptation seized me. Should I, or should I not, yield to it?

My mind was still wavering in the balance when, by some unlucky chance my husband's last words, "amuse yourself," recurred to me. They turned the scale. The wife forgot herself in the schoolgirl. What fun it would be—what a lovely story to tell my school companions in Paris! And then and there I determined to be simply Mina Brendon, and to keep up the joke just as long as circumstances might allow.

With this end in view, I sought Mrs. Reed, the garrulous housekeeper, and unfolded to her my plan, beseeching her aid. I took off my wedding ring, which, ever since the day that Geoffrey placed it there, had never left my finger. I even spent extra time over my toilette, and descended to the drawing-room as the dinner gong sounded, overflowing with spirits at the prospective pleasure.

Cyril Donati did not disappoint me. I found him a delightful companion. He spoke English perfectly, with just sufficient accent to lend to a peculiarly melodious voice an additional charm. His manner was deferential and frank, with a "we understand each other" air about it that won my confidence completely.

Dinner was soon over, then we adjourned to the music-room and sang and played, and chatted far into the night. Already I had spoken of the dull life I led, of Geoffrey's frequent absences, and when at length we agreed to separate, I exclaimed impetuously:

"I wish you you had been here always, Mr. Donati. I should never have been dull then!"

"Would you like me to remain?" he asked, as he held my hand.

"Indeed, yes," I answered unhesitatingly.

"Then unless you order me to go, I will remain for ever. I have only known you a few short hour, carissima, but I swear to you that from this moment you will shall be my law."

So saying, he stooped and kissed my hand, and with a laughing "a demain," I left him.

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Next day my first waking thought was of Cyril Donati and the charming little comedy in which I found myself playing the leading part.

We had a long ride together after breakfast, and the hours fled only too swiftly.

Towards evening I began to watch for my husband's return, and on seeing him ride up the avenue I ran to meet him in the hall.

"Geoffrey, do you know who has come?" I exclaimed eagerly, holding up my face for his customary kiss. "Cyril Donati!"

A sudden light sprung into his eyes, an unwonted smile broke on his lips.

"Mina," he said gently, "you must be very good to the boy. Remember always that I love him as though he were my son."

"We are the best of friends already," I answered, "but don't go to him yet Geoffrey," and I laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "Let me tell you something first. When Mr. Donati arrived yesterday, he had no idea that you were married. He called me Miss Brendon. It amused me in your absence to keep up the joke, and he believes still that I am Mina Brendon."

"Is it possible?" my husband asked, in a tone of annoyance and anger that perfectly astounded me. "Do I understand aright, that you—my wife—have played this sorry jest?"

"Don't look—don't speak to me like that, Geoffrey! Surely there was no harm?" I cried.

"No harm!" he echoed, then, muttering something of which the words "childish folly" alone were audible, he turned away, and I stood still where Geoffrey left me, chilled and disappointed that what I had regarded as such a simple joke could be treated so seriously.

Presently, however, my spirits rose as I heard Cyril's voice speaking to my husband, and I felt certain that a few words from him would put all right. But in this alas, I was mistaken; for when next we met, Mr. Donati had learned the truth, and his manner had changed from the old bonne camaraderie to ceremonious politeness.

As the days went on, I could bear this state of things no longer. The fact was, Cyril's coldness and persistent avoidance of me chafed me, and I was determined to have an explanation.

I told Geoffrey I was sorry for what had occurred and that I would apologise to Cyril. My husband appeared pleased; he even took me into his confidence, and gave reasons for wishing me to show kindness to Cyril the delicate organization of the Italian side of his character, and the fact that had he remained unmarried Cyril would naturally have been his heir.

Although Cyril had been avoiding me, I easily found the opportunity I sought; possibly Geoffrey had paved the way.

"Won't you forgive me, Cousin Cyril?" I asked, going up to him smilingly.

"Yes," he replied, fixing his dark melancholy eyes upon me, "on one condition; that to me you will be Mina Brendon still?"

Of what consequence was it by what name he regarded me so long as we were friends again and my husband pleased? I said something to this effect, and treated the affair more lightly than he appeared to do. The result was apparently all that could be desired. My husband showed his approval of the reconciliation, and for some time after this I think I felt happier than I had ever done in my life before.

But there comes an end to all things, to happiness and even to misery, as this tale will show.

Imperceptibly, at first, and most insidiously, a change crept into Cyril's behavior towards me.

In Geoffrey's presence it was as it had ever been, but when we were alone together it assumed an earnestness, a meaning, that caused me—inexperienced girl as I was—both surprise and pain.

He read Italian poetry to me, translating as he went on. Love was ever the theme; love—wild and passionate—such as I had never dreamed of, but which he assured me existed, and that the time would come when I should know.

At length, one day, I summoned courage and spoke up.

"I am so weary of these love poems, Cyril," I said. "Do let us read something else."

"Ah! that is because the soul in you is not yet awakened——"

"I don't understand, and I don't wish to hear anything more about it," I said, rising from the garden seat where we had been sitting, and looking straight at him, added, "I love my husband!"

"Poverina! Do you call that love?"

"Mr. Donati, you forget to whom you are speaking!" I cried hotly.

"I forget nothing," he answered, slowly and emphatically. "Nothing. I am speaking to the girl, who, under false colors, stole my heart the first day we met, and who has promised to be Mina Brendon to me still."

"And she now retracts that promise," I exclaimed, with spirit; then, excited, flushed and angry, left him, and re-entered the house.

An hour or two later, Geoffrey came to me, with a cold, stern look upon his face.

"Mina," said he, "already I have begged, now I insist that you show more courtesy to my guest."

"Geoffrey, a guest departs, but Cyril Donati stays——"

"And shall stay for ever if I choose. Child! would you make me, for a whim of yours, break the vow I have made to befriend this boy? When will you be woman enough to understand the duties of a wife?"

"Has Cyril complained of me?"

"He has."

I caught my breath quickly. As soon as I could speak, I said:

"And is it your wish, Geoffrey, that I remain friendly with this . . . your guest, whatever happens? That I walk with him, read with him, sing and talk with him, as though he were my brother?"

"It is more than my wish—that has already been disregarded Mina. It is my command."

"Suppose, Geoffrey"—I went nearer to him, my cheeks burning, my eyes brimming over with a rush of tears. "Suppose he misunderstood such . . . such close intimacy to mean more than friendship? Suppose he thought to . . . to . . . behave—forgetting you—as though he were my lover?"

My husband started, and drew back with an air of disgust and anger, as he replied:

"These ideas must be the fruit of your foreign education, Mina. An Englishwoman's mind would not be so perverted as to think such thoughts, still less to speak them. As to Cyril, thank heaven I can trust to his honor as to my own."

"Geof, dear Geof! do not leave me so!" I cried in a broken voice, as he turned away. "Kiss me, kiss me, dear; and since you exact it, I promise—I promise faithfully to do as you desire me."

He gave the asked for kiss, but it was one that chilled me to the heart. Then, his face softening suddenly, he said, looking at me sorrowfully:

"Your eyes meet mine with the innocence of a child; they ought to be the index of a mind as pure. And yet—the words I heard just now . . . would to God I could forget my wife had spoken them!"

"Try to forget them," I whispered, clinging to him. "In pity forget them and forgive me! Never again will I think such thoughts. You shall see from to-day that I will prove how much I love you."

And thus it came about that I was forced to continue an intimacy with Cyril, which, instead of being pleasurable as heretofore, now became a task—a task most painful. And there were moments when, in place of the sisterly love I had borne him, my feelings were almost approaching those of hate. The double part I was forced to play began to tell upon my spirits and my health.

One glorious autumn morning my husband was on the point of departing to visit some distant friends. He would not return till evening.

"Take Cyril with you," I longed to say, as I stood outside the hall door to see him set out. Suppressing the wish, the words I spoke were scarcely less ill-judged, considering what had passed before."

"O, Geof! how can you like to leave me all alone?"

"Alone? Have you not Cyril? Good-bye, my children, both."

To please him, I held out my hand to Cyril, and for a moment we stood together thus:

The sun shone brilliantly, the sky was of a dazzling blue; all nature seemed rejoicing that glorious autumn day. Surely it was without reason that my heart felt sad!

As Geoffrey rode down the chestnut avenue, he turned round in the saddle and waved his hand and smiled—smiled on the opening of the tragedy that was to follow.

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As soon as Geoffrey was out of sight, I drew my hand—a little impatiently perhaps—from Cyril's.

"You will be good to me to-day, Minina mia?" he asked beseechingly.

"As good as you deserve, Cyril," I answered; then I accompanied him, by his request, to the music-room, and we sang together for some time.

But a heavy cloud weighed on my spirits—a foreboding of evil I could not shake off. Cyril, also, was silent and distrait; and once, in the act of turning suddenly, I surprised a dangerous gleam in his eyes, which, for the moment, frightened me; but nothing further occurred to distress or offend me.

At last he took leave of me, saying he was going for a solitary ride.

How thankful I was at this! I began to think that he might be coming to his senses; unless indeed Geoffrey's idea was the correct one, and it was my own perverted mind that had misconstrued things.

But, alas, the explanation came only too quickly.

In the afternoon a letter was brought me by my maid. Mr. Donati, she said, had given it to her before he went out riding, but had charged her not to let me have it until some two hours later; and as she left the room I broke open the envelope wondering what it could contain.

Great heaven! Well may I have had a presentiment of evil!

The import of what I read was so terrible that at first I felt completely dazed,

But I soon saw the gravity of the situation and the need for immediate action. One moment only I stood irresolute. The next, trembling with excitement and indignation, I set my teeth hard into my lip, sat down, and wrote the following letter:

"My Husband.—Read this letter written to me by the man you have regarded as a son. See how, in it, he swears to kill himself unless I meet him at the time and place he names. It may not be in my power to save him, only I know this: he whom you love more than me, shall not die because of me. I go to meet him now. May God watch over me and you, my husband, whom I love so well, that I have borne, as you will see, even indignity for your sake."

I placed Cyril's letter sealed in mine upon my husband's table where he would see them immediately on his return. Then I put on my riding dress and ordered round my horse.

Having ridden at a moderate pace for about a mile, I bade the groom, who followed me, go back. When he was out of sight I galloped off in the direction named by Cyril:—Why had he chosen a rendezvous so distant? Gallop as I might, scarcely could I be there in time.

I counted fifteen milestones, and at length came in sight of the appointed spot, a lonely way-side inn. It had once been a coaching house on the old London road.

A man, apparently on the lookout, came forward quickly to hold my horse, and the host, who was standing in the shadow of the door, assisted me to dismount.

"You are Mrs. Dene, and come to see Mr. Donati?" inquired the landlord.

I bowed my head.

"It is well. He has been asking for you a hundred times. He has not an hour to live."

At this announcement, so abrupt, so terrible, I almost lost my senses. Dazed and giddy I caught at the door-post for support.

"Tell me—tell me quickly what has happened!" I gasped.

"The poor young gentleman arrived on horseback, and appeared to have had some seizure on the way; he was so exhausted he had to be lifted from the saddle. We carried him upstairs and sent off for a doctor, but the messenger had some miles to go to seek one and has not yet returned. It is all one. Unhappily the gentleman has heart disease, like that which my poor brother died of. I know too well the signs. Not all the doctors in the land could save him. He desired that when you came you should be left alone with him."

We mounted the stairs. Some person—the landlord's wife perhaps—passed out of the room as I entered it, and the next moment I saw Cyril.

My heart softened towards him as I saw him lying there upon the bed, so worn, so death-like! His riding-coat had been removed; he lay with it spread over him on the patched quilt. The sunset light streamed in through the diamond-shaped panes, irradiating with a strange unearthly glow the outline of his delicately chiselled features.

I seated myself by the bedside, and taking up a fan I saw there, waved it gently to and fro before the poor, wan face.

Presently, the great hollow eyes of Cyril opened and rested for a moment, half fearfully, on mine. Then they brightened suddenly.

"I was sure you would come, Minna mia, when I used that threat," he whispered, but so low and feebly, it was necessary to bend my head quite close to hear him. "I loved you passionately from the first, and meant that you should bear your share of suffering for the trick that you had played me. I knew of my malady, but little thought the cold hand would have touched me yet." After a pause, he said more feebly, "You will stay with me, Carissima?"

Deeply repentant, I answered quickly: "I will stay with you, Cyril"

"Until the sunset," he whispered: and the unchecked tears rolling down my cheeks, fell, I fear, upon the hand I held.

For a little while he lay with closed eyes, motionless; the convulsive pressure with which he held my hand alone testifying he was conscious of my presence. Presently, looking at me long and earnestly, he gasped:

"Kiss me, dear."

After that, gradually the hold upon my hand relaxed. I felt, rather than knew, that all was over. A shadow had fallen on the little room. The sun had set.

Then I pressed my lips once more to the forehead of the man whom my husband had so loved, and laying my face down upon the bed, I wept.

What time elasped I know not, but the sudden opening of the door caused me to raise my head. Looking up bewildered, dazed with grief, I saw—my husband.

How I trembled when I caught sight of his face. It was white—white and livid as that of the dead man by whose side I was still kneeling; but it had not the calm expression of the dead. It was full of fierce, angry passion and resentment. He held a letter in one hand; the other, thrust into the bosom of his coat, was drawn forth as I looked. In it was a small revolver.

Before he had time to utter a single word, I darted forward, and snatching the weapon from him: "O, Geof, Geof," I cried distractedly, "speak not, think not evil of the dead."

The next instant I should have fallen, but Geoffrey caught me in his arms.

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I was happy with my husband after that. Sorrow drew us to each other, and the barrier fell for ever.

His was a noble soul; he blamed himself for all. I was a child no longer—even in Geoffrey's eyes—nor could he any more reproach me with the term. I was a woman, with the serene sad happiness that has been brought in the world's mart and paid for—paid for with a price!

For Her Sake.

BY G. R. D.

"COME here, Bess. Sit down, lass; I've got something to say to you."

Bessie Munro took the ottoman at her father's feet, and sitting down rather listlessly rested her elbow on his knee, and continued to gaze into the glowing coals, just as she had been doing when he spoke to her.

Mr. Munro stroked her brown hair fondly for a few moments, and then said, abruptly—

"Bessie, my bonnie lass, it has grieved me sore you shouldn't have your rightful place in this world, with fine gowns to wear and servants to wait on you as you were born to——"

"Oh, don't trouble about that, father," the girl interrupted, impatiently. "We have enough to be comfortable, and I don't feel the want of luxuries as I might have done had I always been accustomed to them. You see, I was so young when we came to this country, that I don't even remember the grand home you so often speak of, and which would have been ours if your brother's son hadn't turned up alive from the wilds of Australia, where everyone thought he had been eaten by cannibals. Poor Cousin Ralph! I'm sure I'm very glad he was not eaten up, anyway, even though his re-appearance turned us adrift in search of a new home."

"Of course you are, my girl, you wouldn't be my daughter otherwise. But all the same, I long to see you in that grand old home again—and it is not impossible, Bess. That's what I want to talk to you about.

The girl started violently, and turned her flushed face eagerly towards her father.

"What can you mean?" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Is Cousin Ralph dead?"

"No, he's not, nor likely to be, unless he's wrecked coming across the ocean. But he's still unmarried, and I happen to know that he's anxious to have a wife and heir to his fine estate. I know, also, that he has not selected anyone yet; and why shouldn't he choose my bonnie lass?"

"Oh, nonsense, father!" exclaimed the girl, and all the light of expectation faded from her face.

And again she turned towards the fire, finding castle building in the glowing coals more congenial to her.

"No, Bess: 'tisn't nonsense at all," said the old gentleman persistently. "Ralph has always felt self-reproachful about putting us out of our home, although there was no bit of injustice in it, so far as he was concerned. He thought you the sweetest little girl in England when you were seven; and, take my word for it, you can soon make him think the same now that you are seventeen. I sent him a copy of your photograph—the one you had taken a few weeks ago—and he declares there isn't a beauty in London to compare with you."

"If I'm never a fine lady till I marry Cousin Ralph, I'll have long to wait," returned Bessie, stubbornly. "Why, he's an old man, father!"

"An old man!" exclaimed Mr. Munro, who had just turned sixty. "Why, lass, I'm not an old man yet, and Ralph isn't over thirty—not thirty, by George! Just twenty-nine his last birthday—a boy, my girl; a mere boy!"

Bessie laughed, and made no answer; but her thoughts strayed away to someone whom she thought more suitable in age to her own seventeen years. And as that train of thought reminded her that she had an engagement to keep, which her father's words had, for the moment, put out of her thoughts, she soon slipped from the room, and hastened away to fulfil it.

It was a cold evening, in late November, and though Bessie was young, and the blood went tingling through her veins and flushed her pretty face to positive beauty, she felt far from happy, and wondered within herself why she was taking all this trouble to meet Jack Waring and talk with him for just half-an-hour or so in the trysting place where he had first plucked up courage to tell her how he loved her.

A few weeks before she would not have asked herself any such question, for then she believed herself in love with him, and had promised to wait for him—years, if need be—until he was in a position to claim her promise to be his wife. But this evening it was different.

Though she had treated with apparent contempt her father's scheme for becoming the rich and envied mistress of Elmore House, the idea returned to her again and again how many girls married for wealth and positions, and—to please their fathers! And Cousin Ralph wasn't exactly an old man.

It was true that twenty-nine wasn't very far from extreme youth. Why, even Jack was twenty-two, and her father often said he looked older, and that was regarded as a merit rather than a fault; and then came visions of future grandeur. As in a dream she saw herself in the stately home and almost felt the rustle of the long, silken trains of the gorgeous gowns that would be so becoming.

Suppose Cousin Ralph should fall in love with her! How silly she had been to engage herself to Jack, and how more than silly to come out to meet him here this cold evening! How wrong it was altogether; it had just dawned on her for the first time.

How could she have been so naughty? And her father would never, never, consent to such a foolish marriage. And the next moment she had turned the corner, and was face to face with Jack Waring.

"You are late, my pet," he said eagerly "or else the minutes went very slowly while I waited for you. I was afraid perhaps your father had guessed something, and had forbidden you——"

It was an unfortunate suggestion, for it brought back all that Mr. Munro had been saying to his daughter, and all she had been thinking in consequence.

"No; father guesses nothing, Jack, if he did, you would soon know of it, for he will never, never consent to my engagement with you; and I begin to feel very wicked in keeping it a secret from him. Oh, why was I so foolish and so wicked!"

"Wicked?" repeated young Waring with a twinge of compunction, although the engagement had been kept a secret entirely at Bessie's suggestion. "You could never be wicked, dear. This very night I will see your father, and ask leave to visit you openly as your promised husband ——"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" Bessie interrupted, with an impatience that was almost anger. "You are going too fast, Mr. Jack. You must not think of speaking on this subject to my father till you are in a position to claim my promise, which was only conditional, anyway, you must remember. Father would forbid me even to speak to you again, and, indeed, I must stop meeting you in this clandestine manner, anyway. It is wicked whatever you choose to say."

"Bessie!" exclaimed Jack Waring almost choked with surprise and wounded feeling.

There was a volume of reproach in that one word. It was too much for Bessie, who had been trying to work herself into a tempest against her better feeling; but she broke down abruptly, and her head fell against his shoulder as she sobbed out—

"Oh, Jack, dear, forgive me!"

The twilight had deepened to darkness, and Jack's arm was close about her in a moment, and she was pressed to his heart, while his face was bent down and he kissed her for the first time—was it to be the last time also? Some strange foreboding came over him, and his voice was very sad when he said—

"Do you, then, really love me, Bessie? You have never spoken in this way before; I began to think you wanted to break off with me for ever. Tell me, darling, is there some other man?"

"Some other man!" exclaimed Bessie, with a nervous laugh. "Don't be a goose, Jack! Why, I know only you and father; but I'm quite serious about saying that we must not meet in this way any more."

The interview ended, sadly enough, in Bessie determination to meet him no more, except with her father's permission, while she absolutely refused to allow him to see Mr. Munro at once, and ask for that permission.

And then, as the darkness increased, and here and there a lamp glimmered through the gloom, and she said "Good-night," and hurried away before he had quite recovered from his astonishment. When he did so, he followed slowly, with a strange feeling of being cruelly baffled and snubbed; but he kept her slight form in sight till he saw her reach the gate of her home, and disappear within it.

Then he turned away, bitter and disappointed, angry with himself, angry with Fate, furious against some unknown rival, for instinct told him that some such rival was in the background, but more desperately in love than ever with the wilful, pretty, bewitching Bessie Munro.

Ralph Munro arrived on the very next day, and Ralph's uncle, after his custom, had been for more than a week ruminating on his coming before he had told Bessie anything about it.

Ralph Munro was very handsome, and in different style from Jack Waring. He was elegant, stylish, dressed in the height of fashion, yet not in the least bit foppish; with the fascination of superior age and experience, and yet not looking a day older than Jack, for men of easy temper and sunny hair and complexion have great advantage in the way of youthful appearance

In short, Bessie was charmed with her cousin, and made no secret of it; and, before the end of a week, Jack Waring had heard their names coupled together a dozen times; before the end of a second week it was an open secret that Miss Munro was to marry her handsome cousin and return with him to the home of her ancestors.

Jack would not believe it. He could not; he dared not. He went to the florist's and purchased a great handful of rich, red roses, and these he left at Bessie's door, with a little note hidden among them, and he paid the servant handsomely to see that the flowers were placed in Bessie's own hand.

Then he walked up and down for three hours in front of the house waiting for an answer. It was bitterly cold, but Jack did not know it, nor did he take any note of the heavy snow-flakes that soon covered him from head to foot, till he looked like a moving snowman.

Through the slightly parted curtain he could see the cheerful glow of the fire, and once he caught a glimpse of Bessie's head as she bent forward a moment.

Would she come to the window? Would she send him some message? His heart bounded with joy at the thought, but sank heavily again as minutes lengthened into hours, and the light went out in the house before him, and even the glow of the fire died down in ashes as the night ebbed away.

Next evening, and after another handsome fee to the servant, he learned how "Miss Munro had given her the flowers, because she never cared for roses; but first she had read the note, and then thrown it in the fire."

Jack Waring grew white as marble when he heard that, and without one word he turned away; and at that moment he caught a glimpse of Ralph's smiling face as he glanced through the window. Something seemed to snap then in Jack's head. Though he was never absent from duty, and, indeed, worked harder than ever, he found time to dog the footsteps of Bessie Munro and her cousin, and the two never walked together without his figure somewhere in the background, constant as their shadow.

"If I could only meet him alone!" muttered Jack, as he fingered the pistol in his breast pocket, "for she must never know it. My sweet Bessie! no rude shock must ever come near her. The coward! he does it on purpose; beside her he knows he is safe. But patience—patience! My opportunity will come yet."

It came, indeed, soon, for on the very next evening, when Ralph Munro drove his pretty cousin to the village, she insisted on getting out of the carriage alone because she wanted to purchase something

at the shop across the way, and Ralph could not leave the horses.

How handsome he looked as he sat there, so tall and strong, holding the fiery horses without an effort; and as Bessie threw back a glance of admiration that seemed to say just that thought Jack Waring's fingers closed over his pistol, and he glided forward like some stealthy serpent.

Already the pistol was in his hand, and his finger bent in the act of firing it. He waited only for Bessie's fair form to vanish within the door that was held open for her, but that moment's pause was enough. The carriage had been drawn up but a few feet from the railroad crossing, and through the clear winter air came the warning shriek of the approaching train; the horses reared, plunged, and bolted, and like mad things tore straight ahead in the very teeth of the approaching locomotive.

With what seemed the strength of ten men, Ralph Munro held them in and strove to turn them aside, but the creatures were utterly beyond control. Jack Waring's pistol had dropped from his hand, and for one instant he watched his rival's danger, and the thought flashed on him that Heaven itself was about to avenge him. In the next moment a woman's cry that rose above the shriek of the locomotive seemed to cleave his heart in two.

"Fool!" he thought; "if he is killed it will kill her, too!"

And swift as lightning from the cloud he seemed to flash forward. Some power more than mortal helped him, for surely a love that sacrifices self is immortal, and comes straight from Heaven. The dreadful moment was past; the carriage lay in splinters; the beautiful horses were a shapeless heap of inanimate flesh, but Ralph Munro, although scarcely conscious was unhurt, and Jack's hand still grasped the arm by which he had seized and dragged him from the jaws of death.

Bessie had fainted, but was quickly restored; and while she clung about her lover and kissed him openly before everybody, Jack lay supported by several men, his eyes fixed upon her, and his hand wiping away the thin red stream that oozed from his lips.

"O, Jack!—good, kind Jack!" she cried, at last observing him; "you are hurt!"

"It is nothing, Bessie," he gasped, "only my heart that has broken to save him for you!"

No one else heard the words—perhaps he didn't even speak them—but they sounded in Bessie's ears, and often she hears them now, in her grand home, and to the last hour of her life she will see the look of anguish and undying love that dwelt on her as Jack Waring's eyes closed for ever on the fair, false beauty of her pretty face.

LITERARY TREASURE TROVE.

It has been customary from very early times to employ the skins of animals as material for the reception of such writing as, from its importance, was deemed peculiarly worthy of preservation; and leather of all kinds, from the thick integument of the full-grown animal to the delicate membrane of the new-born young, has been extensively used for this purpose.

All such varieties may conveniently be referred to as vellum, although the term is properly applied only to the parchment obtained from the calf, and although the skins of various animals have been utilized for the composition of volumes and records.

The celebrated Biblical manuscript the Codex Sinaiticus'—about the authenticity of which so fierce a controversy raged some thirty years ago—is written upon the finest skins of antelopes. But the majority of existing ancient manuscripts are written upon vellum; those upon papyrus having yielded very generally to the inroads of time.

The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttle fish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a mechanical mixture of water, gum, and lampblack, and the characters were painted, rather than written, by mean of a broad-pointed reed.

An ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance, such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment writter upon, and form an ink not liable to fade.

A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterwards used, as from its vitreous nature it bit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink containing a good deal of carbon pigment was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages.

With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written; and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together into volumes. Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.

In times when paper was unknown and skins practically were the only substances available for writing, and were scarce and correspondingly expensive, the would-be scribe was forced to fall back for his supply of parchment upon older books which had become obsolete, or, in his opinion, contained matter of less importance than that which he intended to commit to writing.

A practice was therefore initiated of removing the characters first written by washing off the old ink, or mechanically by scraping the parchment with a knife, thus in some measure repeating the original process of preparing the skin for use by rubbing it with pumice-stone.

The surface of parchment which had been subjected to treatment of this nature, especially if subsequently polished, would not show any traces of the first writing, and was again available for use. Thus arose a class of manuscripts known as 'codices rescripti,' rewritten books; or as 'palimpsests,' literally, 'again rubbed' books.

The practice, as originally followed out, has given rise to but little inconvenience; for the ancient booksellers were good judges, and took care never to destroy a valuable treatise, but only obliterated such works as had no sale in the limited literary market of the ancient world.

Frequent references to palimpsests occur in the classical authors. Cicero laughingly alludes to the parsimony of his friend Trebatius, the juris-consult, who, to write a letter, erased some previous communication; and Plutarch, in his treatise upon the conversations of Princes and Philosophers, laments the failure of Plato's visit to Sicily, and compares Dionysius of Syracuse to an old book from which the the writing has been erased, but which is still defaced by the ancient stains, which can never be completely removed, appearing under the newly-written characters.

In the middle ages the rage for theological controversy, combined with a constantly increasing scarcity of parchment, caused the practice of remanufacture to be resuscitated; and as the writers from the fourth to the tenth century were chiefly ecclesiastics, a determined and systematic destruction took place of the invaluable literary treasures which had accumulated in the libraries of the monasteries since the times when the incursions of the northern barbarians had scattered the collections of antiquity.

As a result of the conquests of the Calif Omar, and the subjection of Egypt to the dominion of the Arabs and the newly-founded fanatic Mohammedan faith, the manufacture of paper from the papyrus ceased in the seventh century; and had not the art of making coarse paper, known as 'charta bombycina,' from cotton or some similar vegetable substance, been invented in the ninth century, and paper from linen rags in the thirteenth, thus supplying an unlimited amount of material for writing, it is probable that theological discussion would have deprived us of every line of the ancient classical authors.

Fortunately, it has been discovered that however thoroughly the effacement has apparently been performed, sufficient traces of the early characters are so indelibly ingrained into the texture of the skin, that some of the ink can always be rendered visible by the aid of chemical reagents; and thus many most valuable ancient works have been recovered, although too frequently in a fragmentary and mutilated condition.

WILD BEASTS AND THEIR SIGHT.—M. Motais, whose works on the various diseases of the eye are highly esteemed, has closely examined the effect of captivity on the sight of wild beasts, such as lions, tigers, etc., and asserts that all animals in a savage state are far sighted. The same remark applies to man in an uncivilized state, and even to those who, though civilized, follow avocations which oblige t hem to remain constantly in the open air, such as sailors or farm laborers. The same faculty exists in caged animals when they have been taken after the age of six or eight months; but if born in captivity, or kept in cages when very young, they become near sighted, which M. Motais attributes to the narrow space in which they are confined, and the training which obliges them to follow the eye of the keeper or tamer to obey his will. The near sightedness of school children may, in his opinion, be ascribed to the same cause—the habit of concentrating the sight on one point, and the fact that the power of the visual organ becomes modified according to the requirements to which it is subjected.

CURIOUS COLLECTIONS.

The inquisitive in search of curiosities needs only to pay a visit to our large and public museums and his sight will be regaled by articles answering this type.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant. This consists of a botanical collection. Outwardly, the volumes present the common appearance of a block of wood, and that is the first impression; but a minute examination reveals the fact that each is a complete history of the peculiar tree which it represents.

At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood.

On opening the book, it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree; the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree.

These are supplemented by a well-printed description of the habits, usual location, and manner of growth of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that certain tree secures a place in this wonderful, useful, and valuable collection. Here is a precedent for the various botanical societies to adopt, and although doubtless expensive, yet it will certainly repay in its utility.

There are at present some very valuable curiosities in the shape of cherry-stones, and were they collected in one locality, it would doubtless enhance their value. In the Salem Museum repposes one which contains one dozen silver spoons.

The stone is of the ordinary size; but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be discerned satisfactorily by means of the microscope. But a curious cherry-stone is that upon which are inscribed one hundred and twenty-four heads. This no doubt forms the most curious collection yet known, and the naked eye can easily distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns.

It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars, and thence conveyed to that home of curiosities, England, where it is considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the subject of a suit in Chancery. However, a toymaker of Nuremburg endeavored to eclipse this specimen by enclosing in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sebastopol, a railway station, and the Messiah of Klopstock. How far he succeeded we leave our readers to determine.

The most curious collections, however, are to be found made up of coins, and we have seen many of this kind; but the most extensive is undoubtedly to be seen at Nottingham at the present moment. It consists of a huge pile of perfect Jubilee half-crowns made up as a lighthouse-shaped pyramid.

The whole is comprised under a glass case, and measures in height six feet; while the base is five feet eight inches round, and the number of coins is one hundred thousand eight hundred and six. The weight is one ton eight hundred-weight fourteen pounds three ounces, and the value is twelve thousand six hundred pounds fifteen shillings. The banker's receipt for the payment of the money lies near the the case, being conclusive proof of the authenticity and genuineness of the collection.

"WHY do you do all your playing with that dirty little boy on the back street?" "I can whip him."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A famous scientific man has declared that the measure of a nation's civilization may be gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid it consumes, since this acid is an essential to the most skilful, speedy and economical methods in the higher mechanical arts. Measured by this standard the civilization of the United States is the highest on earth. Inscriptions on mummy cloths with a material produced only through the agency of sulphuric acid are taken as an evidence of the high civilization existing in ancient Egypt.

The housebreaker of the future will require an outfit resembling the acrobatic apparatus of a traveling circus. A complete assortment of the anti-burglar contrivances patented in the course of the last twenty years would fill a fair-sized museum, and the French patents alone comprise arrangements which, if properly adjusted, make it almost impossible for a would-be robber to enter a house without awakening its tenants from any ordinary slumber, or rather any slumber but that of death, to judge from the sensitive construction and the startling noisiness of the alarm apparatus.

In the Straits settlements the Chinese appear to be occasionally more than a match for the Western barbarian. It is the practice of the merchants selling goods to receive payment in rolls of copper coin done up in paper, each roll containing 50 cents, and it has occurred to some of their customers to substitute for the rolls packages containing a piece of bar iron the exact size and weight of a roll of 49 cents. An ordinary cent is put on each end of the bar, in case the end of the roll should be opened. One merchant, it is stated, received recently $40 in alleged rolls of copper, and found, on opening them, that each roll contained two cents and an iron bar. The unlucky dupe, it is added, failed to obtain conviction from lack of sufficient evidence.

"Americans are the vandals that are now devastating Europe," was the startling assertion made by Dr. Thomas Baxter a few days ago. "They are the most indefatigable relic hunters to be found in the world, and every historic spot between the pyramid of Cheops and the Tower of London has suffered more or less at their hands. I verily believe that my fellow-countrymen would chip the nose from the Venus de Medici and carry it away if they were not watched. And the women are even more aggressive than the men. Relic hunting has become a craze with Americans, and manifests itself both at home and abroad. The old chair in which Lincoln put a splint bottom has to be kept in a wire cage to prevent relic hunters carrying it away piecemeal."

A contemporary remarks that, in spite of the large sums paid every year in India as rewards for the destruction of poisonous reptiles, the latter seem to be as numerous as ever, no less than 800 persons having been killed in the Punjaub last year by snake bites. Our contemporary suggests that the prevalence of snakes may be attributed partly to the Mussulman prejudice against swine and to the British love of pig sticking. Snakes and hogs cannot live together, and, in the struggle for existence, it is the hogs that survive. On the whole, we should be more inclined to attribute the snakes to the high rewards that are offered for their destruction. The wily native is quite capable of keeping preserves of them, and thus earning a dishonest and rather risky livelihood.

Dr. Gustave Schlegel has called attention to the necessity of merchants studying the customs and prejudices of the Chinese in reference to commercial undertakings, and relates the following incident, which shows the strong practical sense and frugality which pervade the Chinese: The native pots are very thin, and burn through quickly, and some English firms thought it would be a very good thing to make boilers in England and send them to China. Accordingly, a ship load was sent to Hong-Kong. They were cheaper and stronger than the native boilers, and a few hundred were sold, but the natives would buy no more, though they admitted the boilers were cheaper than their own, but to make them boil they had to use much more fuel because they were so thick. They spent much more in the way of fuel before they could get their rice boiled than it would cost to renew the boilers every two or three months.

Our Young Folks.

ERNESTINE'S FATHER.

BY E. RICHARDSON.

THE "Brighton," one of the large ferry steamers that ply between Sydney and Manly Beach, was sailing smoothly and swiftly over the waters of the harbor.

Manly Beach is a suburb of Sydney, on the harbor side, and situated about seven miles from the city.

The decks were full of people, men women and children, returning home from the city.

The sound of music rose on the still warm air, and amidships a woman and a girl were playing on a harp and violin.

The latter was quite a child, and did not seem more than ten years old.

There was a foreign look in her face. Her eyes were large and dark brown, and her hair of a still darker hue.

She was poorly clad, and wore a small hood that may once have been bright and gay, but was now old and faded. The woman was sufficiently like the child to be easily recognized as her mother. She was still a young woman, but had a thin, worn face and sad eyes.

The "Brighton" sped on her way over the rippling blue waters to the sound of the harp and violin.

When the journey was nearly over, and the pier of Manly Beach well in sight, the child began to pass round amongst the passengers.

She did not ask for money; she did not speak a word, merely holding out her hand. But there was a wistful look in her eyes that went home to the hearts of the passengers.

Presently she came to where a young man was seated a little apart from the rest, reading an evening newspaper.

The girl stood in front of him, and for a moment he did not see her. Presently he looked up.

"Hullo!" he said, "we have got new musicians to-day. What's become of the others? I don't think I ever saw you before."

"No, sir," she answered quietly, but without any timidity. "The other two players are gone for a holiday. We are taking their place."

There was a little foreign turn in her accent.

"Well, you play remarkably nicely," Cyril King said, and he placed some money in the child's hand. "I don't know your face about Sydney at all, nor your mother's. Have you been long in Sydney?"

"No, sir: only a few weeks."

"Ah! that accounts for it."

Cyril King returned to his newspaper again, and the child went back to her mother's side.

The "Brighton" was now approaching the long pier of Manly Beach. A gangway was stretched between the vessel and the jetty, and the passengers began to pass across it. It was an ordinary plank gangway, with a railing on one side.

The two musicians were among the last to leave the boat, and just behind them was Cyril King. Now that he was close to the woman, he could not help being struck by her appearance. She looked fragile and delicate.

The child was the first to step upon the gangway, and as she did so she glanced back anxiously at her mother.

Cyril King saw that the woman walked slowly and feebly. Just as she stepped upon the gangway the steamer swerved slightly, as a steamer alongside a pier will not unfrequently do.

The gangway swerved with the motion of the vessel, the woman's foot slipped on the sloping planks, she grasped the railing, missed it, lost her balance, and was thrown into the water.

A cry arose from the people on the pier. It had not died away before Cyril King had his coat off, and had leaped from the side of the boat. He reached the woman before her head disappeared beneath the surface. She seemed to have fainted, but she was very light, and Cyril had little difficulty in keeping her above the water.

There was some wash, however, from the side of the steamboat, and the space between the vessel and the pier was so narrow that Cyril needed some dexterity in keeping his burden and himself from being bruised against the piles.

But in a few minutes ropes and a lifebuoy were lowered from the pier, and Cyril having secured the unconscious woman to these, she was quickly and safely drawn up.

A few strokes brought Cyril himself to the steps of the pier, by which he ascended.

* * * * * *

In a small and meanly-furnished room in a poor quarter of Sydney, a week later than the events just described, Cyril King and the woman he had rescued sat together, engaged in conversation.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. King," Mrs. Lemaitre was saying, "and it is the least I can do to tell you my story, if you care to listen to anything so sad. But I shall be very brief. I am an Alsatian. Ten years ago I was very happy, with my husband and our baby. Then misfortune came. My husband's brother failed, and my poor Paul had lent him much money. We, too, were ruined. Paul could not bear to remain in the town where he had been prosperous and respected.

"We went to England and settled in Plymouth, and Paul began to give lessons in French. We managed to get on for a time—in great poverty, but still free from debt. Then my husband fell into delicate health, and things went from bad to worse with us. Day by day he became more hopeless and despairing. He was never anything but kind to myself and our little Ernestine, but he became terribly depressed.

"Then he did a thing which nothing but utter despair would have made him do. I do not blame him. He left Ernestine and me—left me with a little note which said that he could no longer bear to see the child and me daily suffering from insufficient food and clothes. He was going away to a far country. If he prospered there, he would write; if not, I was to understand either that he was dead or still in poverty. I found out that it was to Australia that my husband had gone, but I did not know to what part. At first I thought of following him, and then I changed this intention. I struggled on for a year in Plymouth, giving lessons on the piano, and just keeping my child and myself from starvation.

"During all this time I had had no word from my husband. At last I resolved to follow him to Australia, in the hope that I might perhaps find him. And so Ernestine and I came out in an emigrant ship. We have been less than a month in Sydney, and have managed to earn enough for daily bread and these poor lodgings by playing in the streets. My husband can play the violin a little, and taught Ernestine, but she soon outstripped her father, for the child has a real natural talent.

"And that is my story, Mr. King."

"It is indeed very sad," Cyril King answered, in a low voice, "but you must not play in the streets any longer. I have a plan which will save you from that, and afterwards something else may easily be arranged. I and one or two others are organizing a series of cheap popular concerts in a poor suburb of the city. They are to take place every Saturday night during the winter months. If you and Ernestine will agree to play at them, it will, I am sure, be a great attraction, and the management can afford to pay you at least more than you can make in the streets. The first concert begins on Saturday next. Do you think you will be able to play by that time, Mrs. Lemaitre?"

"Oh, quite," Mrs. Lemaitre replied, and a faint flush of pleasure crossed her pale face. "You are indeed very kind; I shall be very glad of an engagement of this sort. If I could only give Ernestine proper instruction, she would, I am sure, become an accomplished violinist."

It was the night of the concert, and the large hall in which it was being held was crowded. During the first part of the programme Mrs. Lemaitre performed a duet with Ernestine, and Ernestine herself played a solo.

Both pieces were received with loud applause. Ernestine's youth, her pretty childish beauty and her bright and animated playing, went straight to the hearts of her hearers. For the child took the greatest delight in her own playing, and as she felt what she played, so she made her audience feel it too.

Mrs. Lemaitre did not take any part in the second portion of the programme, but Ernestine was to play the last number. Her mother had chosen for her an arrangement of Alsatian airs, some bright and gay, others sad, but all tuneful and sweet.

Ernestine secured the complete sympathy of her hearers by her playing of this piece. Most of the airs were new to those who heard them, but all were so simple and so sweet that they could easily be understood at a first hearing.

A deep silence reigned throughout the hall as the child played on, passing swiftly and easily from air to air, and almost forgetting her audience in her earnestness.

She had very nearly finished the piece when there was a sudden stir among the audience, and then a little hum of voices. Cyril King, who was seated on the platform with several other gentlemen, beheld a man advancing along the middle passage of the hall.

Everybody was turning round to look at him, and all eyes were fixed on him. He was a middle-aged man, slight, very pale, and poorly dressed. He advanced hurriedly to the platform, ascended the steps, and the next moment had caught Ernestine in his arms.

Cyril King approached them, and the man turned his head, still holding Ernestine tightly.

"She is my daughter, sir," he said, in a trembling and agitated voice. "I am Paul Lemaitre. I was passing the hall when the concert was half through, and glanced at the bill outside. I saw that there was a selection of Alsatian airs to be performed—an uncommon thing in Australia—and I was led to come in and hear my native music once more. I little thought who was the performer."

Cyril King saw that the first thing to do was to disperse the audience. So he said a few words, partly explaining the case, and the concert being over, the people quietly withdrew, not without a good deal of curiosity in their minds.

It was true. The stranger was Ernestine's father and Mrs. Lemaitre's husband.

* * * * * *

There is no need to dwell over the gladness of the meeting. My story is told.

Paul Lemaitre had lived on in Sydney in great poverty, which had prevented his communicating with his wife. Cyril King, who was junior partner in a prosperous mercantile house in Sydney, exerted himself in behalf of the Lemaitre family.

A position under the Government was found for Paul Lemaitre, who was a well educated and clever man. Ernestine studied music under good masters, and bids fair to be one of the most accomplished lady violinists in Australia.

The Australian climate restored Mrs. Lemaitre and her husband to health, and Cyril has the satisfaction of seeing his friends prosperous and happy.

QUEER MECHANICAL PLAYTHINGS.—There are no people in the world so fond of toys as the Japanese; but the pretty trifles give instruction as well as amusement to those who play with them. One sort of playing cards has printed upon them a hundred scraps of classical poetry, by which the rudiments of the art of versification are expected to be inculcated.

Another set is of natural history cards to give instruction in the names and forms of animals; and still another set, especially intended for girls, affords examples of women who have been celebrated for their virtues and noble qualities. So far as both tops and kites are concerned the young American is an ignoramus compared with Oriental rival.

Among the babies' toys is a mouse that feeds from a bowl when a little bamboo spring is touched, lowering his head and long tail in quite a life-like manner.

Another is a small cylinder, into which one blows through two small reed tubes, three balls of pith being kept bobbing in a bit of a cage over the cylinder by the breath, while a cut in one of the tubes produces a shrill whistle.

Another is a little man who is made to jump up a long stick by a bamboo spring, and still another is a wooden gentleman who rides along between two wheels, being attached to the axle with a heavy base.

Further devices for toy purpose are kaleidoscopes, boxes with glass tops filled like cupboards with various household utensils in miniature, and bags filled with shot for tossing.

AN editor who married a girl from a cooking club prints the following in his paper after a few years of married life: "Go stand where I have stood, go feel what I have felt, eat clammy half cooked food, and fish and eggs that smelt. Go take what I have took, go bear what I have bore, throw tea cups at the cook, and swear as I have swore. Go live on juiceless steak, and soggy bread half baked; at midnight lie awake, and ache as I have ached. Go gnaw with all your might on tough pieces of doughnuts or pies, and stop between each breath to pick out hairs and flies. Go do what I have done—make yourself a fool; by winning as I have won, a girl from a cooking school."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Paper shoes for horses are being used in Germany.

Savages on the whole live longer than civilized people.

Valaparaisio, Ind., has a horse thief who is but 17 years old.

There are 40,000 oil wells in this country, and their daily output is 130,000 barrels.

There is a baby at Heppner, Oregon, which is claimed to weigh less than a pound.

The capacity of the largest flouring mill in Minneapolis is said to be 15,300 barrels a day.

A novelty in bookbinding is announced in the employment of metal as a substitute for cardboard.

A stream in Arizona possesses the peculiar power of petrifying all soft substances thrown into it.

Indiana has more Germans than any other State. They constitute 55 per cent. of the population.

In the Brooklyn directory for 1892 there are 3300 Smiths. The Philadelphia list numbers more than 3700.

There are said to be more bee-hives in the United States, where there are 2,800,000, than in any other country in the world.

It may not be generally known that cloth coated with linseed oil, to which a little wax and litharge have been added, will be waterproof.

Free baths are advocated in St. Louis as a means of preventing the loss of about 40 boys who annually drown in the Mississippi river at that point.

Applicants for certificates to teach in the schools of Birmingham, Ala., are required to pay an examination fee of $1, which is applied to the Library fund.

A solid gold brick, weighing 500 pounds, and worth $130,000, will be exhibited in the Mines and Mining Building at the World's Fair by a Helena, Mon., mine owner.

A theatre is, it is said, shortly to be opened in Paris for the benefit of the deaf and dumb in that city, who are said to be very numerous. The plays will be given in sign dialogue.

One of the latest fashionable fads is to have stockings in all the colors of the rainbow. Some are arranged in stripes of every prismatic hue; others are covered with dice patterns.

Berlin is interested in a remarkable exhibition. The exhibitors are the undertakers of Berlin, 33 of whom are represented, and the exhibits are confined to coffins and funeral furniture.

Some boys in Murray county, Ga., claim that they saw a blacksnake run at full speed down a steep hill and jump 10 feet high and capture a woodpecker, which was drilling a hole in the bark of a pine tree with its sharp bank.

The whistling or sounding arrows used by the Chinese have a head of buffalo horn hollowed out, and with several holes bored in it, and whistle as they fly through the air. They are used for amusement generally, and by robbers as a sort of challenge to "stand and deliver."

A farmer living near Marietta, West Va., had a very peculiar experience recently. A large potato field, in which the rows of hills were very long, was struck by lightning during a heavy thunder storm. The electric fluid ran from hill to hill, withering and destroying over 400 hills.

Major Allett, of the British army, thinks that ducks would be preferable to pigeons for carrying naval dispatches over the sea, because they would drop down and sit on the water when tired, and resume their flight after resting. Moreover, ducks can fly by night, while pigeons cannot. He also suggests that sea gulls might be trained for message bearing.

A beer saloon on wheels is the latest story from Portland, Me. A hack stands by the curb, as if waiting for a passenger. A man, who knows the ropes, gets in, and the hack starts on a trip around the block. The occupant lifts the front seat, finds a bottle and glass, takes a drink, puts the money in a box and closes the trap. When the vehicle gets back at the starting point the man gets out, and the hack waits for another customer.

During a severe thunder storm at Payne, Ind., recently, fences and trees were blown down and a number of houses were unroofed. The next morning while two men were walking along the railroad track they noticed several large trees that had been blown down. While examining the hole made in the ground by the uprooting of one of them they claimed to have a box which contained nearly $10,000.

While Judge Wallber was engaged in hearing the assault and battery case of Lena and Anna Sass, in the Criminal Court at Milwaukee, Wis., recently, Attorney Lands arose and said that none of his clients or witnesses could speak English. Both the attorneys in the case and the judge understood German, and the attorney thought it would facilitate matters to have the case tried in German. The court had no objection, and the trial proceeded.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY A. H. B.

'Yond the black pines that crown the distant hill
Upriseth, gleaming with a softened light,
A mellow radiance amid the blue—
The silver Evening Star!

See, as the clouds
In fleecy squadrons pass across the face
Of the fair moon, how doth that little star,
Its pale lamp glinting 'mid a sea of white,
Shine ever bravely on!

So noble souls
'Midst sorest trials strive undaunted on,
Braving the fiery furnace, till at last
Emerge they from the fire purified,
Brighter and nobler for adversity!

ABOUT AMBERGRIS.

Ambergris must not be confounded with amber, as has been frequently done. The whalers of the Pacific used to regard amber as the petrifaction of some interior parts of the whale, and they had legends of whales which turned into amber.

But in more ancient days, ambergris was believed to flow up from the bottom of the sea. Sindbad the sailor tells of a spring of it which he discovered, but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in the congealed form in which it is found on the surface. This story was quite in harmony with the old Arabian belief; but on the other hand, the Hindus a thousand years ago described ambergris as a material generated by whales.

In the middle ages, and it is said even down to the seventeenth century, ambergris was supposed to have some properties which made it valuable in love-powders and love-potions, and it was so used.

More recently, and even in our own time, ambergris has been regarded as the hardened excrement of the whale, and it has been said that when the cetacean is struck it vomits up some of this material. This, however, is but another of the traveler's tales and wild conjectures associated with this curious substance.

Amber, as everybody may now be supposed to know, is fossilized or mineralized resin, and is therefore a vegetable product. Ambergris is an emanation from the sperm-whale, and is therefore an animal product. Amber is found mostly on the shores of the Baltic; ambergris on the surface of the sea off the coasts of tropical countries. The word ambergris is French, and signifies gray amber; but by whom or when first applied to this marine phenomenon we have not been able to discover.

The scientific explanation of the nature of ambergris is, that it is the product of some disease in the sperm-whale analogous to gall-stones. It is found sometimes in the intestines of the creature, but more frequently is found, after expulsion, floating on the surface of tropical seas. It floats in masses which have a speckled gray appearance, and mixed with which are generally found some remnants of the known food of whales.

The best quality of ambergris is soft and waxy, but it is said not to be uniform in color. The streaky or marked specimens are preferred. It is opaque and inflammable, remarkably light as to specific gravity, as may be understood from its always keeping the surface; and it is rugged to the touch.

Most of what comes into the market is found near the Bahama Islands; but it is also found at the Moluccas and other parts of the Indian Ocean, off a portion of the coast of South America, and sometimes floating on the Atlantic Ocean.

The essential characteristic of ambergris is its powerful and peculiar odor. It is so peculiar, that art has never been able to imitate it, although the scarcity and enormous price of ambergris has lent every stimulus to invention. It is so powerful and diffusive that the very minutest quantity is perceptible in the most fragrant perfumes.

The chief component of ambergris is a fatty matter called ambrein, which is obtained by boiling in alcohol. This ambrein—and there is said to be about eighty-five per cent. of it in the best ambergris—is what gives it its value, for it is in this ingredient that the perfume lies.

There is another peculiarity ascribed to ambergris, and that is the power to exalt the flavor and perfume of other substances with which it is brought into combination. Thus, a grain or two rubbed down with sugar is often added to a hogshead of wine, giving a perceptible and, what is considered by some, an improved flavor to the whole. And a small particle of ambergris added to other perfumes is found to exalt the odor of the blend.

In fact, ambergris is too dear to use alone, and it is so dear that it is one of the most adulterated articles known to chemists. It is adulterated both by those who export it and in the countries in which it is used.

The odor of genuine ambergris is not unlike musk, but is more penetrating and more enduring. That which is called Essence of Ambergris by the perfumers contains only a proportion of an alcoholic tincture of ambergris, made up with oil of cloves and other ingredients.

Again, the pungent perfume known as Tincture of Civet is made from ambergris and civet in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of the former to half an ounce of the latter, dissolved in a quart of rectified spirit.

A few drops of either the so-called Essence of Ambergris or the Tincture of Civet will convey the unmistakable odor of ambergris to lavender water, soap, tooth-powder, or any of the other "toilet requisites" in which it is favored.

Ambergris is not the only valuable material for which we are peculiarly and solely indebted to the sperm-whale. The other is spermaceti, which is a natural product of the animal, not the result of disease. This word is compounded of two Greek words signifying the "seed of a large fish;" but it is not seed, and the whale is not a fish.

Spermaceti is not obtained in the form in which we see it in commerce. It is found in the upper part of the skull of the animal in a half-fluid state. The oil is expressed by draining and squeezing, and the waxy substance remains. This is purified by boiling with alkali; and after it is melted, it crystallizes into silvery flakes or plates with an oily feel and an agreeable odor. The uses of spermaceti in the manufacture of candles, ointments, etc., are doubtless known to all.

Grains of Gold.

He loses his thanks who promiseth and delayeth.

We should stop the mouth of slander by prudence.

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Thoughts are blossoms of the mind, and deeds are the fruits of desires.

Were not curiosity so over-busy, destruction would soon be starved to death.

We judge our neighbors by ourselves, when they are good; when bad, by other neighbors.

The only thing that walks back from the tomb with the mourners and refuses to be buried is character.

There is a Swiss proverb which says that "it takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to cover the truth."

What seems generosity is often disguised ambition, that despises small to run after greater interests.

The world will be nearer right when a man has learned to laugh a little less at his neighbor's troubles, and a little more at his own.

The good things of life are not only those that delight the eye or ear, or commend themselves to the palate, but also those that cause a joyfulness in the heart.

At the end of life we discover that we have passed nearly one half of it in being happy without realizing it, and the other half in imagining that we were miserable.

Femininities.

What is love? Two heads with but a single thought, two fools that not like one.

The Boston woman who gave a costly funeral to her pet mastiff the other day comes under the exact definition of a dog gone idiot.

Mrs. Bloobumper, looking up from the newspaper: "George, dear, what is the labor problem?" Bloobumper: "How to get more wages for less work."

Five thousand women belong to the order of deaconesses in Germany, devoted to work among the poor, nursing, attending at the creches, teaching and visiting.

"You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others," as the man said when he noticed the happy faces of bystanders who saw him fall in the mud.

First visitor, in dime museum: "Did you see that man dining on carpet tacks and nails and things?" Second visitor: "Yes. How I envied him! Just think how he must enjoy steel."

Billy the Beau: "Anything new in engagement rings?" Jeweler: "Yes; our new Sensible plated goods are cheap, and are warranted to outwear any summer-resort engagement."

Jamie: "Say, pa, why did they use to drink the first glass of wine standing at big banquets?" Pa: "I guess it was because it was easier to drink the first glass standing than the last.

The first woman dentist in the world is said to be Mme. Hirschfeldt, who afterwards became dentist to the family of the late Emperor William. She graduated from a Philadelphia college.

Women are frequently employed as booking clerks on the Irish railways, and at Dublin tickets are almost always given by female clerks. Only one woman holds this position in England.

They were just engaged. "We had better be married to-morrow," said he. "So soon?" "M'hm. Your father and I differ in politics, and there is no telling how soon we may be deadly enemies."

"You don't seem to mind the heat?" "No; a little thing like this doesn't affect me now. You see, I called on Mabel's father yesterday to see about our future happiness, and this weather seems positively chilly."

A firm of Canadian photographers advertise that they "are the only undertakers in the city who take photos of deceased people. The eyes are opened and taken as natural as if alive. By calling at our office such portraits can be seen."

The Boston girl: "If you do I'll tell ma." The Philadelphia girl: "If you do I'll call grandma." The New York girl: "If you do I'll ring for the servants." The Chicago girl: "If you do I'll scream, and if you don't I'll get mad."

Old maids' insurance companies, old bachelors' insurance companies and old age insurance companies are all very well as far as they go, but what this world needs is a matrimonial insurance company which will insure people against misfit marriages.

"You will be mine, then?" he said, as he clasped her in his arms. "I will," she replied, as she laid her head upon his shoulder. "It seems to me that your face is familiar," he said, after a delicious pause; "have we not met before?" "Why, certainly," she replied; "at Long Branch last summer we were engaged."

A gentleman crossing London Bridge in a carriage at a foot-pace was aroused by a tap at the window. The glass was dim, and thinking it might be a wayfarer seeking assistance, or a policeman proffering it, he lowered the window and put his head out, whereupon his hat vanished, as a second later did the thief—in the fog.

A story comes from San Francisco of an individual there who is a standing puzzle to the San Francisco doctors. He is for weeks at a time little distinguishable in complexion and appearance from the mass of his fellow-citizens. But then all at once his tint deepens, and he wakes up one fine morning to find himself as black as any negro. So altered is his appearance that his friends can only recognize him by his clothes.

The Englishman who, following Charles Francis Adams, declared that the safest place in which to spend an hour or two is an express train on one of the main railways, had his idea confirmed by the fact that last year only five passengers were killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom, whereas in the streets of London alone 147 deaths and 3784 personal injuries resulted from accidental circumstances connected with the vehicular traffic.

Many people are unaware that there is any reason beyond want of practice which renders a girl unable to throw a stone as well as a boy. A medical contemporary says: The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar-bone in the female anatomy is some inches longer and set some degrees lower than in the male frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone.

Masculinities.

The man who knows a great deal knows better than to try to tell it all.

The man who brags much on his goodness will bear a good deal of watching.

A man living in New England, who is 5 feet 7 inches high, has a beard 6 feet 3 inches long.

Judge Wellhouse, of Tremont, Kan., thinks he has the largest orchard in the world. It comprises 1078 acres.

"Do you refuse me on account of my age? I am only 55." "That's just it. You may live 15 or 20 years yet."

When you hear a little child using profane language you can be reasonably sure that his father shaves himself.

Vacation is here. The small boy is turned loose, and the public realizes that a school-teacher earns her salary.

There seems to be something in a name in the case of the 21-year-old Mayor of Alliance, Ohio. His name is Excell.

It is claimed that the most skilful quoit player in Dauphin county, Pa., is John Kauts, who has been blind for 33 years.

Elder Berry: "What is your definition of faith?" Joblots: "Putting a nickel on the plate and expecting to get a crown of pure gold."

They that marry ancient people, in expectation to soon bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

A servant girl in need of employment was a little perplexed when she read this advertisement in a daily paper: "Wanted, a young woman to wash iron and milk one or two cows."

A few years ago there were but two or three advanced schools in this country that were open to students of both sexes. There are now said to be 204 of the 365 colleges which are co-educational.

A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

Jawkin: "That was a rather sudden death of old Skinflint. What was the matter with him?" Hawkin: "Economy. The two undertakers are running each other, and funerals are down in price. Old Skinflint never missed a bargain in his life."

The following note, from an indignant mother, was recently received by a master in one of the London schools: "I must complain about the wicked things you teach my boy—sinful things. You light a candle, put a tumbler over it, and make it go out without blowing it out."

Mrs. Martha J. Coston, inventor of the famous Coston signals—colored lights, employed extensively on land and sea all over the world—was left a widow with three children before she undertook this enterprise. Her husband had been at work on it before his premature death.

A home for intemperate women is established in Bonn. There are three classes, the daily payment varying from 5 marks to 60 pfennig. The manageress says, in a recent report, that most of the patients can trace their intemperance to orders from their doctors to take brandy or wine.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those who can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this; with it she is triumphant.

The latest style for weddings in Baltimore is the heavy sentimental. If the bride be an orphan she requires that the ceremony shall be performed in a cemetery, the groom standing upon her father's grave, while she is posed upon that of her mother. This proceeding is likely to have a beneficial effect upon the husband by convincing him of his insignificance in comparison with his wife's family.

A man at Burlington, N. C., has a dog and a calf that have formed a strange attachment. Lately the dog has been given bread as a diet, and as soon as he gets his ration he hunts up the calf and gives it the bread, which the calf eats and seems to relish. When the calf is fed the dog receives a share of the meal or bran. The only explanation for this attachment is, that they have been kept in the same stall for some time.

Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was no extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand that in contemplating them he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she endeavored to confound him, and put the question: "If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?" "Madame," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim. I should therefore deem it my duty to save the baroness first."

His Only Fault!

BY PERCY VERE.

"I WILL not be untrue," she said, and her dark eyes flashed. "I love you, but I shall not marry you!"

"And your reasons?" he asked in a voice that trembled, despite his strong efforts to control it.

She looked at him quietly, pityingly, and her answer rang through his very soul.

"Because you would make my life one long regret. Because, far in the years to come, I foresee such utter degradation for you as would make the life of any woman mad enough to give happiness—her fate—to your keeping, a life of such misery that the grave would be a welcome refuge!"

"You love me, and you can say this to me?"

"I could not have loved you had I dreamed of this before. I believe in you wholly. I thought you the only one I had ever known who could awaken in me the love a woman gives but once in her life. But for the late knowledge that the fatal cup, which has ruined thousands and tens of thousands, is not strange to your lips, my heart would be wholly yours."

"But, Margaret, your influence has such power over me; under it, what can I not conquer?"

The beautiful lips lost their firmness of expression, and quivered with strongly expressed feeling.

"I have no faith in my power," she said sadly. "I pity you, but I must esteem, respect, as well as love the man to whom I give the control of all my future."

"Is there no hope for me?" he passionately exclaimed. "Are you so cold, so hard, that you refuse to believe that for you I could conquer all that stood between me and my dearest hope of earthly happiness? Margaret, Margaret! If you refuse to listen—to believe—I care not what gulf bears me to oblivion."

"I dare not listen to you!" and great tears rolled down her cheeks. "I dare not take upon myself such vows as bind our earthly fates, and feel in my heart how entirely we shall yet be separated in all true union."

"You condemn me, then, to ruin?"

"I condemn you to ruin? Heaven forbid! Harry Norton, it all remains with yourself. I cannot conceal from you that I think you have a hard battle before you in life. To conquer that appetite—to determine that you will not yield, and to abstain from all that tends to tempt—to awaken desires for stimulants, no matter how weary, how worn you are with the struggle—demands the strongest will—the greatest self-sacrifice—the prayerful spirit—the Christian life. Are you capable of all this? If you doubt yourself at all, in mercy never tempt a woman to share a drunkard's life. You have my true friendship, my best wishes for your welfare, my sincere prayers that you may conquer in this fiery trial, but I dare not, for my own soul's sake, say I take your life, whatever it may be, for mine. And so, Harry, let us speak of this no more."

She held out her hand. He caught it. He drew her impulsively towards him. He held her for an instant closely.

"Margaret," he said, "let me kiss you once."

And before she could reply, his burning lips touched her pure, cool brow.

"Heaven bless you, Margaret, whatever becomes of me!"

In another instant he was gone.

She passed through the garden walk, into the pleasant porch, and went as usual with her stately step to her chamber door; but once within its solitude, and the proud resolved spirit was bowed in bitter sorrow.

How she had loved this man! And her whole frame shook with the sobs she dared not vent loudly, and the tears rained down the proud, beautiful face. Must she thus condemn him, and was there no hope for him?

He was a student of medicine, studying of late with her father, and an eager, apt student.

He had come into the quiet life of this girl as a bright sunbeam, and she had given him her heart entirely.

Then, one day, she learned that the fatal habit of stimulating his energies when exhausted by study or fatigue had become a necessity to him, and the interview we have just related was the decision at which she had arrived.

Harry Norton left the village for the distractions of a life in a great city. Now and then news came of him as a clever, successful practitioner, accompanied with doubtful surmises as to certain changes in his habits of life—vague speeches, meaning, perhaps, much or little. Margaret's life flowed on, for her father, yielding to the infirmities of old age, demanded her care and attention. Perhaps close observers might detect a shade of sadness, now and then, in those clear gray eyes, but she was not one of those who lived solely for their pleasure, and no one in all the village was more relied upon in trouble as a kind sympathizer than she.

A young clergyman who settled in the parish, was soon observant of this strong, self-reliant nature—this tender daughter and kind friend. Margaret was not doomed to live a solitary life. She found much to esteem in Mr. Eldon, and at last much to love; and one bright spring morning she stood with him at the village altar as his bride.

As she entered the carriage a packet was given to her, and opening it, she found a wedding gift—a brooch formed of a large, pure pearl, finely set—and a letter, which read as follows,—

"Margaret: You are a pearl among all others in my memory, and I beg you to accept this symbol of yourself as a gift from an old friend. You were right, Margaret: no man, knowing himself a slave to intemperance, should ever tempt a woman to share its curse. What can I write you of my life? Do not believe that I do not struggle, but a power stronger than I controls me. I can rejoice in your happiness, and I know that I was once blessed in your love—that my true self was once dear to you. That one worthy to be your guide, your staff through life has won you, awakens no selfish feeling in my heart. I have said that I can—I do—rejoice in your happiness."

Happy bride though she was, tears filled her eyes. She pitied him very tenderly, and pitied him all the more because of her own happiness.

The years rolled quietly on with her. In the pleasant village home where her childish days were passed she lived the contented life of a happy wife and mother.

It was towards the close of a bright summer day that Mr. Eldon came slowly up the garden walk, and Margaret, hastening with tender welcome to greet him, saw at once, from his face, that he bore unwonted news.

"Margaret," he said, "I wish you would come with me to see a dying man who wishes to bid you farewell. You have never forgotten Harry Norton. It is he."

It was not calmly she could think of the interview. He hands trembled as she tied the strings of her bonnet; tears filled her eyes, and she leaned heavily on the arm of her husband as he related to her the story of his summons to the house where Harry Norton had come to bid her farewell—to die.

The setting sun was glorifying all things; the distant mountains and river were bathed in golden light. They entered the chamber of the dying man. The same golden atmosphere filled it; from the open window came the soft summer air, the glad notes of singing birds.

"You are as good as ever, Margaret," Harry said, faintly, "to come; but I felt that, if you wished me God-speed, I might more safely cross the dark river. You cannot know—no one can know but its victims—the irresistible power of the disease which bears me to my grave. If I could say with supernatural power: Touch it not when first you feel the accursed thirst, or you are lost! But who will believe me? Heaven alone knows."

Long and tenderly Margaret and her husband talked with him, listened pityingly to his account of the struggles he had made so uselessly against what he believed firmly a madness, and soothed and comforted by them he passed quietly, resignedly, nay, thankfully, into the other life, the "Great Beyond."

"DON'T CROSS A BRIDGE UNTIL YOU COME TO IT."—There was once a man and woman who planned to go and spend a day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own.

So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit; but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place; suppose it should break through, and we should fall into the water and be drowned?"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby?"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge; when, lo and behold, they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built; and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have saved themselves all their anxiety.

Now that is just what the proverb means; never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen; don't think, "Oh, suppose it should rain to-morrow so that I can't go out?" or "What should I do if I should have a headache on the day of the party?"

Half the time the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

CLIMATE AND SALUTATIONS.—The climate of the Persian is the back-ground, we are told by a contemporary, of his salutations, "May God cool our eye," and "May your shadow never grow less"—wishes that would sound strange indeed among the frosts of Siberia.

In these the poetical sense also is revealed, as well as in the common Oriental salutation, "Peace be upon thee," instead of "with thee," the "upon thee" reminding us of the gentle descent of the dew.

The hyperbolical and poetical salutations of the Persian stand in direct contrast to those of the grave, proud, laconic Ottoman—hitherto a ruler over conquered races—whose only poetical salutation seems to be, "Thy visits are as rare as the fine days." "May your shadow never grow less," if it be genuine, reminds us of the respect which the Orientals entertained for obesity.

In that melting, sweltering climate none could venture to aspire to imposing proportions unless plenty to eat and little to do enabled him to repair his daily losses. Hence a fat man meant a rich and prosperous man, and a never-decreasing shadow stood sponsor for a never-decreasing opulence.

The Egyptains take another view of the melting process. The pores in that feverish climate are the loopholes of quotidian, tertian, and quartan; and hence some of their salutations take the shape of an anxious inquiry, "How goes the perspiration?" "Do you sweat copiously?"

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—Curious as are many of the customs of land-tenure in England, none is more curious than that by which one of the great city guilds for many years held a considerable estate, and which has just been brought to light after long disuse. The estate was left to the company by one of its liverymen very many years ago, on condition that once a year, on a certain day, the master and wardens should visit the tomb of their benefactor, and, after knocking thereon thrice, ask the question, "John Smith, how are you?" The ceremony, like most civic formalities, was always followed by a sumptuous banquet, at which the memory of their patron was drunk by the company. This continued until a few years ago, when some wag, hearing of this strange proceeding, concealed himself in a convenient corner behind the tomb, and when the usual question was asked, replied in a sepulchral tone, "Very cold, very cold!" The officials are said to have beaten a hasty retreat: and, as there was no possibility of any claimant arising to sue for forfeiture on the ground of non-compliance with the conditions of the bequest, the custom was discontinued. But the banquet still goes on.

MAGNANIMITY.—The magnanimous man will be a great man intrinsically—that is, he will have something within him that will raise him above what is petty and trifling. In everything he will prefer the greater to the less, the higher to the lower, the better to the worse. And this he will not do so much from a sense of duty and by a self-denying effort as from a simple love and preference for the good. If, for instance, he is called to choose between a successful stroke of business and a truthful statement, he cannot hesitate; all his impulses tend to the latter, as the greater of the two satisfactions. If he must decide between personal comfort or ease and the helping of a neighbor in distress, his warm sympathies forbid a moment's doubt. If he is offered some much-prized luxury in exchange for a little meanness of conduct, he refuses it with scorn. Such things are no temptation to him, because his mind at once gauges their comparative unworthiness, and his heart recoils from them.

TESTS OF MIND.

Professor Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin, recently compared the masculine with the feminine mind through the literary faculty, and obtained some interesting results. He arranged for 50 students of his psychological class, 25 men and 25 women, to each write 100 words at random as quickly as possible.

An examination of the 5,000 words thus written showed that only 2,024 were different from every other, and only 1,266 occurred once in the lists. Some 3,000 words were simply repetitions of 758 words.

These facts show that there is a wide community of thought amongst men and women in general, but that men seem to have a wider range and originality of ideas, and are less apt to repeat each other. Thus, while the women only wrote 520 words which occurred but once in the lists, the men wrote 746. Articles of dress supplied the women with 234 words, and the men 120.

Owing probably to the share which cooking occupies in a woman's thoughts, articles of food suggested 179 on the feminine, and only 53 on the masculine lists. The latter showed a taste for animals, tools and abstract terms. While on this subject, we may mention that Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has proved by experiment that the flow of blood to the head varies with nature of intellectual work. By delicately balancing his friend and subject, he was able to tell when the latter was reading Italian or Greek.

The harder task produced and accession of blood to the head, and upset the balance, causing the subject's head to sink and his feet to rise. In the same way, he showed that dreams, or a disturbance during sleep caused a rush of blood to the sleeper's head.

JAPANESE AND AMERICA.—There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education.

The welcome given to earlier students has led many who have entirely insufficient means to undertake the journey—come, indeed, with scarcely more than enough to pay their passage to this country.

Others, better provided for, have no idea of the increased cost of living here, while many hope to receive aid from persons who may become interested in them here, or to find some employment while they are carrying on their studies.

The practical results are not always fortunate, and many of the students referred to would be better off at home.

The reputation of having been educated in Europe or America has a certain value at present in Japan, however, and the Japanese students are, almost without a single exception, a credit to their native country.

QUEER TITLES.—Among the whimsical titles which appear on the pages of national history, few are more apparently frivolous than the Duke of Marmalade, the Count of Lemonade and the Earl of Brandy. They are, or were, however, real titles, bestowed by a genuine monarch on three of the favorites, and that, too, during the present century. In 1811 a revolution occurred in Hayti, and Christophe, a negro, declared himself Emperor. Through conspiracy and plot, his life often attempted, he retained power till 1820, preserving to the last the appearance of a royal court, and creating a numerous nobility. Among them were the three already mentioned, and the oddity of the titles has suggested to many writers the frivolousness of the African character. In fact, however, all three names were those of places, the first two being originally plantations, but latterly towns of some importance. This fact not being generally known, a misapprehension has arisen with regard to the titles themselves, which, however absurd, scarcely more so than some which were bestowed in France and Germany during the middle ages.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS

CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA.

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

"Leah: or, The Forsaken," by Dr. S. Mosenthal. A new edition of this great romance is opportunely issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, in their 25 Cent Series. The character in the dramatic version has been made famous by Sarah Bernhardt, and other queens of the stage.

BROWN PAPER AND THE COLD.—The "old woman's" remedy for a "cold on the chest," a sore throat, or a bruise, which consisted in an application of brown paper steeped in beer or vinegar, owed its efficacy, to the heat-retaining properties of the paper.

A wet pad of this material, so far as the surface next the skin was concerned, acted almost as well as a layer of wet linen-rag protected with a thick covering of flannel.

In short, stout paper of the commonest sort is an effective non-conductor, and may be most advantageously employed as covering for beds or to eke out scanty clothing.

If this were generally known among the poor, strong sheets of thick paper would be stitched to the back of ragged quilts, with the result of rendering many a poor family comfortable, because better protected from the bitter weather of winter nights.

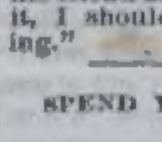
A piece of thick paper inserted between the lining and the cloth of a waistcoat, or in the back of a thin coat, will render it warm as well as light. The suggestion is a small one, but it is simple to carry into effect, and will be found effective.

A TRULY HAPPY HOME.—Some homes are full of love and sunshine for strangers, and all ugliness and gloom for the ones for whom they exist. To constitute a truly happy home, there should be pretty little personal adornments on the part of the wife, who hereby shows a desire to please her husband and to add to the general attractions of her home. A pleasant word on her part, when the overworked man comes home, often eats away the raw edge of some trouble on his mind, and draws out a corresponding desire to be both agreeable and respectable, which characteristics are always accompanied by affection. If cheerfulness and amiability are not cultivated, rudeness, roughness, and impatience will soon be followed by insolence; and when sweet temper gives way to anger and discord the home-circle is no longer attractive and is almost certain to be shunned.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.—There is a certain preacher of Hibernian antecedents, who considers himself to be in direct communication with the well of English undefiled, and is generally credited with the possession of as rich a brogue as can be found anywhere in Tipperary. Some mention was made of his peculiar pronunciation at a church meeting, which greatly angered him. He immediately called upon one of his parishioners, and, after complaining of the injustice done him, asked him whether, in his opinion, a single trace of the brogue was to be observed in his speech. "Well," his friend answered, "if you wish to deny it, I should advice you to do so in writing."

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.



MATRIMONIAL PAPER

Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with photos) of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 50c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 726, Kansas City, Mo.

All ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly illustrated. Sample, 10c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $21 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

18 KARAT GOLD PLATED

ONE YEAR TRIAL FREE.

$3.98

A watch that can not stand the test is dear at any price. We send with this watch a printed agreement giving you the privilege of returning the watch at any time within ONE YEAR if it does not give perfect satisfaction in every respect. We are the only firm in the world that sell goods on such liberal conditions and can show thousands upon thousands of testimonials from every state in the Union. The case is hunting style, double rose and double plated, elegantly engraved and decorated and fitted complete with our richly jeweled and celebrated movement, guaranteed a perfect time keeper.

Cut this out, send it to us with your name and express office address, and we will send it there by express for your examination. If after examination you are convinced that it is a bargain pay the agent $3.98 and express charges and it is yours; write to-day this will not appear again.

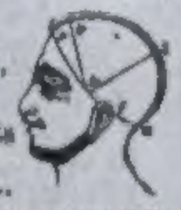
THE NATIONAL MFG. AND IMPORTING CO. 334 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

18K 18K

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantee issued only by FINNEGAN, McCLURE & Co., Sole Agents, 106 Market St. Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Nov., 23, '85.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidity thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

$2.50 HILL HE PAYS THE EXPRESS

Our Midsummer Offer.

STEM WIND AND SET

THE TIGER WATCH Stem Wind and Stem Set. Coin Nickel Case. Elegantly Engraved by our own workmen (open face) cut shows back of case, with *Fine Lever Movement* of the latest make.

GUARANTEED to be worth three and retails at 3 times the price we ask.

CUT THIS OUT and send with your order and watch will be sent you by express C. O. D. subject to your approval.

NO MONEY required until after you have examined the watch and found it just as represented.

FREE Send cash with order, thus saving us the return express expense of money and time making out the C. O. D. and we send FREE a fine Gold Plated Chain that retails for $3.00.

W. HILL & CO.
Wholesale Jewelers,
207 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3220, New York City, N. Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. A. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Great-est City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

MY NEIGHBOR.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
O, the blessed duty!
Strange how long I have been blind
To the Good Book's beauty!
For my neighbor is Miss Rose,
Fair of form and feature;
And a father, rich and old,
Has this charming creature.

I love the ground she dwells upon,
(O, could I but win it);
But, alas! for that command,
Miss Rose isn't in it:
The commandment is all right,
But right here's the trouble—
It may work all right for one,
But not always double.

—Florence A. Jones.

Another Kind of Fire Escape.

Guest: "I'm glad that there is a rope here in case of fire; but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?"

Bellboy: "Dat am intended foh use, sah, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make you' escape, sah."

Nothing tires the soul of a man more than a shoe pur.

A row of pins amounts to a great deal to the man who sits down on them.

Little Victor: "Mamma, my hands are dirty; shall I wash them or put on gloves?"

Jason says there is only one man who can beat a lawyer lying about a suit, and that's a tailor.

Mrs. Timid: "Did you ever find a man under the bed?" Mrs. Bluff: "Yes; the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my husband there."

Mr. Mixup, to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet: "D'ye see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time so as to get done sooner."

Maud: "Is Helen very nervous?" Alice: "Well, I should think so. Why, every night when she takes down her folding-bed she shuts it up again to look under it."

Her pa: "I am sorry you and Ethel have fallen out." George: "It is a matter of no consequence, sir." "It is to me. She hasn't had a young man in years who burned so little gas."

"I say, my friend," said a traveler in Maine, "can you tell me where there's a haunted house?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "come with me and you'll find any kind of spirits you want."

"Look here, waiter! Didn't I give you a dollar when I first came in?" "Yes, sah." "And you've kept me here nearly three quarters of an hour." "Yes, sah. I done dat to show you dat I couldn't be bribed, sah."

"I want you to paint us a big motto in gilt letters," she said to the sign artist. "Yes'm. What is the text?" "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Oh, I see; the ladies are getting ready for another church fair."

Pretty daughter: "Ma, may I go boating?" Fond mother: "Indeed you shan't! The idea! Who invited you?" "Mr. Bliffers." "Oh! Yes, you may go with Mr. Bliffers. He has a cork leg, and if the boat upsets, just you hang on to that."

At the Academy of Design in New York, under a sketchy little thing exhibited by Jones, there hangs a printed card which bears the words: "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." An appreciative small boy added the following postscript: "Take A Axe."

Sunday tea-time. Mother, looking at Johnny reproachfully: "Where have you been, Jonnny, this afternoon?" Johnny, uneasily: "Sunday-school." Mother: "Why do you smell of fish and look so wet?" Johnny, desperately: "Teacher told us the story of Jonah and the whale."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The pretty waists and blouses require more attention since the use of them has suddenly taken such prominence. What the smocked waists were those are, multiplied twenty fold. They are made of white China silk, like the picture, loose and drawn in at the waist with an elastic and left to droop at the hips. The yokes are made of light colored silk with an overlay of lace, point de gene being the favorite, or they are all white with the yokes and forearm pieces embroidered in delicately shaded silk.

Others are of figured silk or plain, gathered front and back into a belt, and with a plain knife plaiting ruffle or a ruffle set on jabot style. The sleeves can be like the illustration, plain bishop, or they can be as fanciful as the wearer desires. The leather or the velvet suspender belt can be worn with this, and it requires a belt of some kind to hide the place where the skirt and waist join. The leather belts are very stylish, and the suspenders are worn as often, but the velvet belt looks more dressy and more refined, and it also has the advantage that it can be made at home.

The way to do it is to get some buckram and cut it the size and shape required and stitch two or three thicknesses together by the machine, just regularly quilting them. Then trim the edges carefully to have them quite even and cover the front with velvet, bringing it over to the wrong side and catstitching it down. The lining can then be faced down on this, the hooks and eyes sewed on and the straps, which have been made in the same way, fastened on, and it is done. The velvet belts cost three dollars made, but a handy young lady could make one for much less. It requires five-eighth of a yard of velvet cut on the bias, which can be bought for a dollar a yard. The buckram and silk for facing should not cost over twenty-five cents. The straps should be pinned on to fit the figure before being sewed.

The Eton jacket, worn over a white pique vest, is quite popular and is becoming to nearly all figures. It is pointed very slightly in the back, and the seams are cut just like those in the back of men's coats. The front is cut away to a point and has a regular man's coat collar. The neck is

NEW WAISTS AND VELVET SUSPENDERS.

finished by a high linen collar and four-in-hand tie, black or matching the color of the gown, which is usually of blue serge, with or white trimming. One has several graduated rows of Hercules black braid. The vest can be of tan colored pique, if liked better than white.

The hat that is worn with this is a sort of modification of the college trencher, and altogether gives the wearer a very sprightly though masculine look.

Next to the blouse waists is this multiplicity of shapes and material in the blazer, which this season really merits the name of top coat, it is so long. The blazer is made of light drab or tan cloth, with no trimming to speak of, and the seams laid flat and stitched twice like those of the covert coats, or it is made of tweed or serge to match the costume. For bicycling it must be of necessity be shorter. It never meets in front, and many have straps of the material which buttons across the bust to keep the coat from flying open. Many wear yachting caps with these, but the prettiest head gear is a neat straw, with flowers, to soften the somewhat hard effect of the blazers. The same may be said of the Eton jacket.

These rush hats resemble those round mats people buy for their gardens, so as to be able to sit about without spoiling their clothes on the grass. A little band on the under side furnishes a means of keeping them on the head.

A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

Constantine Makovsky stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1885, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

This Picture in Beautiful Colors has the Appearance of an Oil Painting, and is the Handsomest ever Given as a Premium, and We Offer it Free of Charge to every Old and New Subscriber who Sends us $2.00 for One Year's Subscription in Advance.

Address—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Odds and Ends.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

A Pretty Light Pudding.—Warm two ounces of butter and, when soft without being thoroughly melted, stir until it creams; add two ounces of sifted sugar, and two eggs well beaten; mix all well together, line a mould with sliced sponge cake or Naples biscuits, put a little raspberry jam at the bottom, and pour in the mixture, cover the mould, and boil for half an hour.

Bread with Yeast.—Put two and a half pounds of flour in a basin, and mix it with one teaspoonful of salt. Put one ounce of German yeast into a bowl, and mix it with one teaspoonful of sugar; add about two breakfast-cupfuls of tepid water. When well mixed, pour this in among the flour, adding as much water as wets it barely; give it a good kneading, cover the basin, and put it up in a warm place out of a draught for two hours; then knead it down for ten minutes, form it into loaves, and set it to rise again for fifteen minutes; then bake. The pans may be greased and dusted with flour, and if the loaves are baked enough and not burned they are bound to come out.

A Delicious Supper Dish.—This may be made by slicing cold boiled potatoes in thin slices, and placing in layers in a baking tin (a medium-sized bread tin is good); between each layer place bits of butter, a little salt and pepper; then pour enough milk, or thin sweet cream, over them, to moisten well, and cook in a hot oven for half an hour. They should not be changed to another dish, but sent to the table in the tin; around which may be placed a folded napkin or fringed paper, by the way of disguise.

Cream of Celery Soup.—One pint milk, one tablespoonful flour, one tablespoonful butter, a head of celery, a large slice of onion, a small piece of mace. Boil celery in a pint of water from thirty to forty-five minutes; boil mace, onion and milk together. Mix flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and add to the boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in water in which it has been cooked, and stir into the boiling milk; add butter, and season with salt and pepper. Strain and serve immediately. The flavor is proved by adding a cupful of whipped cream when soup is in the tureen.

Jelly of Gelatine.—Half an ounce of gelatine, one quart of water, the grated rind and juice of two fine lemons, the whites of four eggs, sugar to the taste. Pour a quart of boiling water over the gelatine, and stand it near the fire to keep hot until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the rind and juice of the lemon with the sugar (which must be loaf or pulverized white); let it boil once, take it off, strain it, and when lukewarm add the beaten whites of four eggs with the shells (which must have been washed and wiped dry). Strain it until the jelly is perfectly clear. Pour it in moulds and set it to cool.

Macaroons.—Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with one and one-half pounds of lump sugar; pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it again into a mortar with the whites of two eggs, mix well together the spotle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding until you have used the whites of eight eggs and made a softish paste; then lay them out at equal distances apart upon wafer paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts; place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven till of a yellowish-brown color; they are done when quite firm through.

Possesses the Thickest Skin.—The whale may claim to have a skin thicker than any other animal. It has a skin nowhere less than several inches, and in many parts fully two feet, in thickness. The distinction of being the thickest-skinned quadruped belongs to the Indian rhinoceros, whose hide has a knotty or granulated surface, and is so impenetrable as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, and the sword or bullet from old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets. So stiff and hard is this skin that were it not divided by creases or folds the animal imprisoned in its armor could scarcely move. The skin of the hippopotamus runs that of the rhinoceros very closely as regards thickness.